New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVI · No. 1443 SATURDAY · 8 NOVEMBER 1958 NINEPENCE

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by Malcolm Muggeridge

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Montgomery's Memoirs
by Michael Howard

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Supplement on Sport
by J. P. W. Mallalieu

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The Defeat of the Old Guard

TUESDAY'S elections changed the face of American politics. The voters put an end to the presidential ambitions of Senator Knowland and Governor Harriman, blighted the hopes of Vice-President Nixon, and by giving Nelson Rockefeller the only noteworthy Republican victory in the whole country, made this liberal Republican a possible successor to President Eisenhower. While, as a candidate, Rockefeller was far more effective than the colourless Harriman, one reason for his success was the desire of many independent voters in New York to set him up as a serious rival to Nixon in 1960.

Yet these are marginal results. The real importance of the vote lies in the defeat of the Republican Old Guard. For the Democratic gains have been made at the expense of men who have been among the most reactionary members of the Republican Party. Senator Bricker has been unseated in Ohio, where anti-labour legislation was one of the main issues in the campaign. Senator Watkins has lost in Utah, Thye is out in Minnesota, Revercomb in West Virginia, Malone in Nevada. Knowland in California and Jenner in Indiana had already removed themselves from the Senate. All of them had last won their seats there in the high-noon of McCarthyism. Now they have been defeated by Democrats who belong to the more liberal wing of the party. This means that, in the new Senate, there will be an increasingly articulate group of young and able men who are equally opposed to the die-hard Republicans and to the conservative Democrats from the South, and who will certainly challenge the bi-partisan alliance of these two groups which has so long dominated the Senate.

That is one reason why these elections mean a genuine shift to the left. It is not simply a case, as it has so often been in American politics, of Democrats beating Republicans with whom they agree on all essential issues. The Democratic sweep has carried home, in both houses of Congress, many candidates who are not likely to follow the meek and, on race issues, equivocal line which the predominantly southern leadership of their party has chosen to lay down. Just as some of the most distasteful Republicans have now disappeared from the key committees of Congress which are the real seat of political power, so the newcomers will add strength to the northern Democrats of more progressive view who are at last acquiring enough seniority to earn prominent positions on these committees. That is why the balance of power in the new Congress will be very different – and why this is a much more substantial gain for liberals than Harry Truman's sensational but politically rather empty triumph in 1948.

Numerically, the Democrats have done as well as they could expect. Since they already enjoyed a majority in both Senate and House, and since some of the marginal Republican seats were not up for election this year, they had to make most of their gains in areas that are traditionally Republican. In these circumstances, it was a substantial achievement to pick up a dozen seats in the Senate and 40 in the House – many of them in the last strong Republican entrenchments in the Middle West, where no Democrat has been elected since the peak of the New Deal tide. The pattern of voting shows that the reason for the swing is a reaction against what Mr Truman called 'the Republican boom and bust'. Unemployment, or fear of it, in such states as Connecticut, West Virginia, Michigan and California, and the deteriorating position of the farmers in Wisconsin, South Dakota, Ohio, Minnesota, and even in Maine and Vermont, have dominated the vote. In short, Mr Nixon's panic warnings against 'Socialism' and 'Democratic radicalism' have failed to obscure the realities of falling earnings for industrial workers and farmers.

There is a lesson here for Britain. It is all very well to encourage people to buy, to make it easier for them to run into debt. But unemployment may make them more worried about the difficulty of paying off those debts than grateful for the opportunity to scramble for cars, washing machines and TV sets. Once men are concerned about their jobs, they will vote against the party that stands for 'boom and bust'. Mr Gaitskell should ponder on Mr Truman's effective remark: 'big business gets the upward trends and the rest of us get the down slopes and go broke'.

Comments on the Week's News

A Dishonest White Paper

Mr Lennox-Boyd's astonishing statement on the Famagusta search, in which he flatly denies there was any breakdown in discipline on the part of British troops, contrasts oddly with the recent suspension of searches by massed troops and the heavy sentence imposed on a soldier convicted of distributing counter-terrorist leaflets. Evidently the authorities have been impressed by liberal protests in Britain. But the case for an independent inquiry remains, since Mr Lennox-Boyd's investigations have clearly been so superficial. Indeed, the growing suspicion that the government has a great deal to hide in Cyprus is greatly strengthened by an examination of the White Paper published this week. Since the Greeks have also published an official account of the abortive Nato conference, some revealing cross-checks can be made. The White Paper gives a list of the various documents produced during the discussions. From this, it is implied that M. Spaak put forward only one set of proposals, published as Document Number One. In fact, he produced three, including one on 29 September in which he asked that the implementation of the British plan should be suspended. Though the rejection of this proposal was one of the two principal reasons why the conference failed to take place, no mention whatsoever is made of it in the White Paper. The second cause of the breakdown was the reluctance of the British government to agree that two other Nato members should attend. In the White Paper (paragraph 6) it is stated that the British government agreed to this, but that nevertheless (para. 7) the Greek government refused to attend. In fact, if the documents cited in the Greek statement are correct, the British acceptance of this provision was made *after* the Greek refusal was received – in other words when the conference arrangements had already broken down. As they stand, therefore, Paragraphs 6 and 7 of the White Paper constitute a deliberate falsification of events.

Progress in Disarmament

Although neither side at the Geneva test-control conference has yet published detailed proposals, the delegates have quickly got down to work. First reports suggest that official western apprehensions that Russia would fight shy of the control provisions made in the report of the scientists' conference may perhaps prove to be unfounded; and there are unconfirmed reports that, in view of this, the US – under British pressure – may be prepared to extend the period of the test-ban, or even, as the Russians wish, to make it permanent (last week's radiation scare in Los Angeles may have helped here). It is just possible that a draft agreement may be reached before the Foreign Ministers join the conference next month. At the same time, the amendments announced by the Polish Foreign Minister, Mr Rapacki, to his central European disarmament plan have reopened the disengagement controversy. Though he explicitly refused to recognise the central Nato objection to the plan – that any ban on nuclear weapons in central Europe would inevitably give Russia a military advantage – he links nuclear and conventional reductions for the first time, thus bringing himself much closer to the Gaitskell-Healey position, which has wide support in the West and particularly in West Germany. His new plan would merely 'freeze' nuclear development in the Germanys, Poland and Czechoslovakia; actual denuclearisation of the zone would only occur during the second stage, when it would be accompanied by 'an appropriate reduction of conventional forces'. Nato objections to the plan will now be much more difficult to sustain: for all US divisions in Germany are already 'pentomic' (i.e., nuclear-armed under direct Pentagon control) and they would remain so under the first stage of the Rapacki plan. The construction of intermediate-range missile bases in West Germany would, it is true, be halted; but so would similar Soviet work in the eastern zone and Czechoslovakia. Moreover, successful US development of the intercontinental missile has steadily diminished the importance of the intermediate-range missile, which was always intended as a stop-gap and which may well be obsolete by the time the plan is implemented. There are more serious objections – notably that withdrawal of US and Soviet troops to their respective countries would undoubtedly give Russia an advantage – but the new amendments to the plan at least enable it to serve as a serious starting-point for negotiations.

Naked to the Market

The Tory government originally conceived British participation in a wider European trading community as an entirely negative step – the simple abolition of trade barriers. The British offer was restricted to industrial goods and the Commonwealth was to be squared by the maintenance of imperial preferences. This proposal was ridiculous. It would have exposed the poorer European countries to a devastating blast of competition without any help to establish new industries and to improve their standard of life. Even from the point of view of France and Italy, this was unacceptable because it would have given Britain special advantages for attracting American investment. It is questionable in any case whether Britain would have benefited much, as the rate of her productive investment and her increase in productivity is far below France and Germany, and in a free-for-all she might have been badly mauled. Now the government has retreated from most of its proposals. It seems to have agreed to bring in agricultural products and accept safeguards for the weaker countries. But the French, knowing that the coming into force of the first ten per cent. tariff cuts under the Common Market treaty in the New Year will put painful pressure on the British exporters as well as some Commonwealth exporters of primary products, are trying to force Britain into undertaking much more extended obligations as a price of entry. If the British government accepts the conditions put forward by France, it will forfeit its freedom of action and will get involved in endless troubles with the Commonwealth. Had Britain given support to OEEC in its efforts to regulate European investment or joined the numerous opponents of the Common Market before its establishment, or even maintained the Sterling Area as a viable economic unit which could give concessions, our bargaining power would be stronger. As it is, Mr Maudling has been sent naked into the Common Market to negotiate and there is little he can now achieve apart from begging for small concessions, or for American aid against France.

NEXT WEEK

Children's Books

A pre-Christmas Supplement

A Dirty Deal

Government legislation to remove restrictions on the use of cars at election time may seem at first sight not unreasonable. It is often argued that the Labour Party can nowadays get hold of all the cars it needs; and it is certainly true that the existing law is widely disregarded – rival political agents not infrequently conniving at one another's illicit practices. But this is only part of the truth, and it is certainly not Mr Macmillan's reason for initiating a change in the law just before a general election. If the existing law is abused, it could be and should be more strictly administered. In fact the abuses tend to occur in those urban areas where the Labour Party can compete on something like equal terms with the Tories. But such areas are still exceptional; and in the scattered rural areas Labour, and even Liberal, candidates are usually at a heavy disadvantage. It would be easy to overstate the importance of this issue – angry Labour members might remember that they would be less electorally vulnerable if their opposition on wider issues of policy had been as vigorous as it looks like being on this. But the fact remains that the Labour Party is at a permanent disadvantage in trying to command anything like the same tactical resources as its opponents; and if we are to have fair elections, the law has got to hold the ring for the working-class voter and candidate. To pick out this one section of the electoral law for reform at this particular moment is an especially shabby piece of political in-fighting. Tory MPs may come to regret it – especially if Mr Gordon-Walker can sustain his allegation that the Tories are misusing the facilities of government departments.

The Miners Say No

Rather unexpectedly, the miners, on a coalfield ballot, have rejected the recommendations of their delegate conference to accept the Coal Board's terms for an additional advance of 7*s.* 6*d.* per week, limited to time workers only and accompanied by a standstill for the next nine months in connection with piece-workers rates. This decision is mainly due to the fact that Yorkshire and Derbyshire, whose delegates voted for a settlement at the conference, both voted against acceptance – together with Scotland and South Wales whose delegates have been in that position throughout. The most important reason for the rejection appears to be neither the amount of the advance proposed nor the exclusion from it of the piece-workers, but the condition that Saturday working be resumed in certain pits which produce considerable quantities of the large coal which is at present scarce. This decision, it is argued, would offer a limited number of miners preferential opportunities for high earnings not open to the majority. But at the back of all these arguments and rationalisations is a dark, ruthless and still obscure struggle which

is being waged between Communists and non-Communists in the higher echelons of the union, and which arises out of Arthur Horner's retirement from the general-secretaryship. What will happen now is not clear. It is unusual for the miners to reject a conference recommendation, and the executive has been holding special meetings this week in order to decide what can best be done. It is most unlikely that either side will be prepared to push its differences to the length of a general stoppage of work in the pits.

Changes in Ghana

Ghanaian politicians must not be surprised or unduly touchy about British concern over any appearance of weakening in Ghanaian democracy. They, like the people of other independent Commonwealth countries, must also be prepared to face malicious criticism from some sections of the British press which always oppose the coming of independence to a colonial people. Both the genuine concern and the hostile criticism have been apparent during the debate in Accra on the bill abolishing the special procedures for amending the constitution. Much of this criticism is ill-founded. The two-thirds majority rule for constitutional amendments was imposed by the British government as a price for independence. It was a natural result of the agitation raised by the National Liberation Movement. It is understandable that Ghanaians should now seek to amend this rule, together with the delaying powers of the regional assemblies, as they prepare to establish a republican constitution immediately after the Queen's visit next year. As the government party has a two-thirds majority at present, it can legally make the constitutional change and provide for simple majority alterations in the future. At the same time, Dr Nkrumah and his government would be wise to consider whether they ought not to replace the existing safeguards by others of their own choosing when they write their republican constitution. Do they not want to ensure, for instance, as an absolute minimum that the lifetime of parliament is limited and that it meets at regular intervals?

A Split in Singapore

Mr Francis Thomas, Secretary General of the Singapore Labour Front and Minister of Communications, has lately made public his refusal to follow the Chief Minister of Singapore, Lim Yew Hock, into the new United Socialist Front. His statement reveals for the first time the many heart searchings and manoeuvres which have been going on behind the scenes during the past four months. When the last Singapore delegation returned from London in May it was hoped that the two ablest Socialists, Lim Yew Hock and Lee Kuan Yew, had found a *modus vivendi* which would avoid their two parties fighting each other in next year's general election. This hope was shattered when Lim Yew Hock at the end of June inaugurated his new party as an appeal to members of the conservative 'Liberal Socialists'. Instead of establishing a centre bloc against the Communists, as he hoped, he has in fact destroyed his own Labour Front and opened the way to a Communist resurgence. Francis Thomas, a genuine Christian Socialist, is now trying to hold the rump of the party together; but their electoral chances are very slim, particularly as Mr Thomas, although very widely respected, is himself a European. Of even more importance is the greatly increased difficulty which Lee Kuan Yew will now have in holding back the Communist influence in his own Peoples Action Party.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Awkwardness of de Gaulle

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Among the innovations introduced by General de Gaulle, perhaps the most striking is Cabinet secrecy. Astonishing though it may seem, nobody here has yet found out the exact terms of the important foreign policy message which the General sent to Eisenhower and Macmillan last month. Indeed, its very existence even was only discovered through the violent reactions it provoked in Brussels, Bonn and Rome. In it the French premier proposed, it seems, a fundamental reorganisation of the Atlantic Pact, whose present machinery he subjected to severe criticism. The details of the note, I repeat, are still unknown; so is the Anglo-US response. It may well be, in fact, that they will prefer to postpone their reply until the Nato Ministerial Council meets in Paris on 16 December. But one thing is certain: the stand de Gaulle has taken up has created a sharp crisis in the western alliance.

We have a general idea of the differences between France and her allies. De Gaulle grumbles that Britain and the US constantly take decisions which, in effect, commit the whole alliance, without bothering to consult its other members. A recent example was the Anglo-US decision to suspend nuclear tests for one year, announced in August; the French were not forewarned, let alone consulted, although France is, as is generally known, about to explode her first bomb. Again, the interventions in Lebanon and Jordan were decided without consulting France. De Gaulle would therefore like the Nato 'inner circle' to be enlarged to include him. As M. Spaak remarked sarcastically, the French note was drawn up in such categorical terms that he deduced from it that de Gaulle was seeking to restore to France not merely the leadership of Europe, but the leadership of the world. In Rome, Signor Fanfani, more discreetly, said that the views of France and Italy were 'no longer in accord'. The reactions in London and Washington have been muffled, but it is known that the note has caused surprise and anger.

Against the background of this odd communication, the Algerian negotiations and the squabble over the Free Trade Area can be seen more clearly. De Gaulle wants to give France the reality of great power status, which at the moment she possesses only on paper. But to do this he must get the army back from Africa and into Europe, where it can swing some diplomatic weight. Hence he is trying his best to get an Algerian settlement, not only for its own sake, but as part of his global foreign policy. Over the Free Trade Area he is even more disingenuous. He has always turned a sceptical eye on international economic organisations, and one of the men he most dislikes is Jean Monnet, who planned the Common Market. He will be perfectly ready to come to an accommodation with Britain when it suits him to. For the moment, however, he believes he stands a better chance of elbowing his way into the Nato inner circle by being awkward; and Mr Maudling is more likely to reach an agreement on the Common Market when Mr Macmillan starts taking de Gaulle's views on Nato seriously.

In the meantime, de Gaulle's latest moves have restored his waning popularity in Moscow. The ferocious press attacks which followed his meeting with Dr Adenauer have been abruptly dropped. Despite formal promises, neither Russia nor her European satellites have yet recognised the Algerian government, and some people here even believe that Russia is putting pressure on the Nationalists to lower their terms for opening negotiations. It would seem that, for the moment at any rate, Russia would welcome a stronger France acting as a balancing factor in Nato.

Johannesburg

The Pass Raids

James Fairbairn writes: 'Pass raids' are so commonplace in Johannesburg that even few liberal whites experience any real shock when they see a group of 10 or 20 Africans under police guard on a street corner, waiting to become part of the more than a thousand of their kind who, every day of the year, spend at least a day in custody because their papers are not in order. Still, Johannesburg's blasé press took notice two weeks ago when some 900 African women deliberately courted arrest in Johannesburg within four days, cheering and whistling as they boarded the police vehicles which would take them to jail. These remarkable women, who are charged with various offences against the public peace, were demonstrating against the issuing to African women in Johannesburg of 'reference books', the streamlined version of the hated pass. The extension of this equivalent of martial law to women, who had hitherto been exempt, began two and a half years ago, when it met with widespread and impressive resistance. Although two and a half million girls and women over 16 years old are to be dealt with, the government had succeeded in issuing only some 300,000 books by July of last year, after 16 months of effort. Its tactics have been varied, by-passing some centres of resistance and smashing others, such as the Bafurutse tribe in the rural Zeerust area, with deliberate ruthlessness. On the whole, however, the government's policy seemed to be to deal with the rural areas and small urban areas first, leaving the African National Congress strongholds in the large cities till later. This policy seems to have paid dividends, for by last June it was claimed that 999,207 women had been issued with passes.

This increased success, together with recently revealed ANC weaknesses and the successful immobilisation of many of its leaders through the treason trial, seems to have encouraged the government to tackle the African women on the Witwatersrand sooner than it had originally planned; and in the event, it has met with less resistance than many observers anticipated. The irony of this situation lies in the fact that it is not, at present, a crime for an African woman to refuse a pass, for the government has yet to gazette the deadline date after which failure to produce one on demand becomes a criminal offence. Most African women do not, of course know this, and the government is certainly not telling them. It has, in fact, grossly misrepresented the nature of the 'reference books' to the women, and for the moment it may preen itself

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The Awkwardness of de Gaulle

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Among the innovations introduced by General de Gaulle, perhaps the most striking is Cabinet secrecy. Astonishing though it may seem, nobody here has yet found out the exact terms of the important foreign policy message which the General sent to Eisenhower and Macmillan last month. Indeed, its very existence even was only discovered through the violent reactions it provoked in Brussels, Bonn and Rome. In it the French premier proposed, it seems, a fundamental reorganisation of the Atlantic Pact, whose present machinery he subjected to severe criticism. The details of the note, I repeat, are still unknown; so is the Anglo-US response. It may well be, in fact, that they will prefer to postpone their reply until the Nato Ministerial Council meets in Paris on 16 December. But one thing is certain: the stand de Gaulle has taken up has created a sharp crisis in the western alliance.

We have a general idea of the differences between France and her allies. De Gaulle grumbles that Britain and the US constantly take decisions which, in effect, commit the whole alliance, without bothering to consult its other members. A recent example was the Anglo-US decision to suspend nuclear tests for one year, announced in August; the French were not forewarned, let alone consulted, although France is, as is generally known, about to explode her first bomb. Again, the interventions in Lebanon and Jordan were decided without consulting France. De Gaulle would therefore like the Nato 'inner circle' to be enlarged to include him. As M. Spaak remarked sarcastically, the French note was drawn up in such categorical terms that he deduced from it that de Gaulle was seeking to restore to France not merely the leadership of Europe, but the leadership of the world. In Rome, Signor Fanfani, more discreetly, said that the views of France and Italy were 'no longer in accord'. The reactions in London and Washington have been muffled, but it is known that the note has caused surprise and anger.

Against the background of this odd communication, the Algerian negotiations and the squabble over the Free Trade Area can be seen more clearly. De Gaulle wants to give France the reality of great power status, which at the moment she possesses only on paper. But to do this he must get the army back from Africa and into Europe, where it can swing some diplomatic weight. Hence he is trying his best to get an Algerian settlement, not only for its own sake, but as part of his global foreign policy. Over the Free Trade Area he is even more disingenuous. He has always turned a sceptical eye on international economic organisations, and one of the men he most dislikes is Jean Monnet, who planned the Common Market. He will be perfectly ready to come to an accommodation with Britain when it suits him to. For the moment, however, he believes he stands a better chance of elbowing his way into the Nato inner circle by being awkward; and Mr Maudling is more likely to reach an agreement on the Common Market when Mr Macmillan starts taking de Gaulle's views on Nato seriously.

In the meantime, de Gaulle's latest moves have restored his waning popularity in Moscow. The ferocious press attacks which followed his meeting with Dr Adenauer have been abruptly dropped. Despite formal promises, neither Russia nor her European satellites have yet recognised the Algerian government, and some people here even believe that Russia is putting pressure on the Nationalists to lower their terms for opening negotiations. It would seem that, for the moment at any rate, Russia would welcome a stronger France acting as a balancing factor in Nato.

Johannesburg

The Pass Raids

James Fairbairn writes: 'Pass raids' are so commonplace in Johannesburg that even few liberal whites experience any real shock when they see a group of 10 or 20 Africans under police guard on a street corner, waiting to become part of the more than a thousand of their kind who, every day of the year, spend at least a day in custody because their papers are not in order. Still, Johannesburg's blasé press took notice two weeks ago when some 900 African women deliberately courted arrest in Johannesburg within four days, cheering and whistling as they boarded the police vehicles which would take them to jail. These remarkable women, who are charged with various offences against the public peace, were demonstrating against the issuing to African women in Johannesburg of 'reference books', the streamlined version of the hated pass. The extension of this equivalent of martial law to women, who had hitherto been exempt, began two and a half years ago, when it met with widespread and impressive resistance. Although two and a half million girls and women over 16 years old are to be dealt with, the government had succeeded in issuing only some 300,000 books by July of last year, after 16 months of effort. Its tactics have been varied, by-passing some centres of resistance and smashing others, such as the Bafurutse tribe in the rural Zeerust area, with deliberate ruthlessness. On the whole, however, the government's policy seemed to be to deal with the rural areas and small urban areas first, leaving the African National Congress strongholds in the large cities till later. This policy seems to have paid dividends, for by last June it was claimed that 999,207 women had been issued with passes.

This increased success, together with recently revealed ANC weaknesses and the successful immobilisation of many of its leaders through the treason trial, seems to have encouraged the government to tackle the African women on the Witwatersrand sooner than it had originally planned; and in the event, it has met with less resistance than many observers anticipated. The irony of this situation lies in the fact that it is not, at present, a crime for an African woman to refuse a pass, for the government has yet to gazette the deadline date after which failure to produce one on demand becomes a criminal offence. Most African women do not, of course, know this, and the government is certainly not telling them. It has, in fact, grossly misrepresented the nature of the 'reference books' to the women, and for the moment it may preen itself

on succeeding through ignorance. Yet it may find that it will have to pay a steep price when knowledge is forced upon its dupes. For the screws of control are being turned down tighter and tighter on Africans, and they are hurting the women, in particular, more and more. Perhaps, then, the government has been wise to delay the proclamation of the deadline for women's passes. For the testing time will come only when African mothers, already unable to feed their children adequately, have to deprive them of yet further food in order that their husbands may pay yet more taxes; and when, on top of that, these mothers fail to return to their babies from a shopping errand because they have become fair game for any policeman rooting out pass-offending 'criminals'.

Kampala

Victory for Congress

A Special Correspondent in Uganda writes: The Uganda National Congress party has just won five out of ten seats in Uganda's first-ever direct elections. Its nearest rival, the Democratic Party, returned only one candidate, the remaining seats being won by independents, who may later choose to throw in their lot with Congress. The UNC victory in an 85 per cent. poll, with almost universal suffrage, is a triumph for the oldest party, which takes the most aggressively African nationalist line and strongly opposes the Kabaka's Buganda government.

The ultra-traditionalist elements in Buganda (who are appointed to their own government by indirect elections administered by their own chiefs) kept Buganda out of the national elections on the pretext that they had too few seats. In fact their chief worry was that a democratic election in Buganda might result in a victory for the UNC. The Buganda Prime Minister, Mr Michael Kintu, has been touring the country attacking the 'Nkrumahs of Uganda who want a republic', referring to various Congress leaders. The pro-Kabaka's government United Congress Party did not gain a single seat, largely through the anti-Buganda feeling in the rest of Uganda. The Congress victory surprised many commentators, who thought the elections would be decided on religious lines following a campaign by Catholic missionaries in support of the Catholic Democratic Party – which was better organised than any other. This party came second in most areas, but there were obviously many Uganda Catholics who decided to put political ideals before their faith. Nobody can tell how well the National Congress would have done, had it been able to fight for seats in Buganda, where traditionalist pro-Kabaka feeling is still high; but Congress leaders are now going to press for Buganda elections and are going to start up-country organisation in earnest.

Westminster

The New Champ

It was a three-round fight with a different opponent in each round.

Round One: Harold Wilson, master of fact, versus the Tory legend. The legend hints that the Tories took office only in 1957, inheriting a catastrophic situation from the Socialists who left office six years previously. No mention of Suez or the Kuwait gap. Just the assertion that by taking stern unpopular measures, the Tories pulled Britain out of chaos into a state where we can live happily ever after, or at least until after the next general election.

The facts? The 1957 crisis was caused by a speculative flight of capital which followed government decontrol. The International Monetary Fund, and not the government, ended it when it did not insist on the devaluation of sterling and the upward revaluation of the Deutschmark which had been expected by the speculators. The subsequent recovery in our reserves – to a point which now nearly equals the 1949 level – and the balance of payments surplus was due, not to government action, but to the American recession which cut our import prices – in the past six months import costs have dropped by £191 million compared with the same period last year. Incidentally, while import prices have dropped ten per cent., domestic retail prices have risen four per cent. Wilson's round, easily.

Round Two: Harold Wilson, the double-chinned cherub, versus Harold Macmillan, the crofter from Debrett. The publicity drive to build up Macmillan had been so flashy that it would now need the oratory of a Krushchev to describe how the Tories had abandoned collective leadership for the cult of the individual. One hourly expected an illustrated version of the Treasury's *Monthly Digest*, giving the Prime Minister's vital statistics. The Prime Minister, in an advanced state of oratorical narcissism, had joined in, claiming, with characteristic modesty, that he embodied all the virtues of Disraeli and Gladstone. In fact, he had the charlatanry of Disraeli without the vision, and the self-righteousness of Gladstone without the dedication to principle. In all this build-up, strong man Thorneycroft, who really took the unpopular measures on which the Prime Minister is now preening himself, gets as little mention in Tory publicity as Beria does in the Soviet Encyclopædia. Said Wilson: 'They have turned Peter's face to the wall'. Wilson's round.

Round Three: Harold Wilson, the maturely prospecting Shadow Chancellor, versus the economic policies of four successive Tory Chancellors, including face-to-the-wall Peter. The Tories had tried to stop inflation and preserve the pound by deliberately cutting production. Hence unemployment up in a year by 200,000 to nearly 500,000, industrial production in the same period down by four per cent. and the investment estimates for next year down by 16 per cent. This failure to follow Labour's policy of expansion had cost the country some £4,000 million a year in resources which could have been available for new investment, financing welfare and aiding underdeveloped countries. Now the government was trying to correct the position in the wrong way by knocking the controls off hire purchase and encouraging a spending boom in consumption goods, while keeping the controls on education and the basic industries. Labour's policy for controlling the pound was expansion of output directed mainly into the capital goods on which stability and competitive power depend. Labour would invest in our industrial future. The Tories were investing merely in votes.

The verdict on this round may be given by the country at the next election; but the verdict of the House on the whole speech was given at once. Wilson's powers as a topical comedian – 'We don't know yet whether there is to be a Free Trade area. Black smoke is still rising from the Maudling Committee' – his facility in factual exposition, his technique of devastating quotation (with meticulous acknowledgement when quoting himself) were this time combined in a single speech. The combination produced one of the best parliamentary performances by anyone for some years. Tactically, Wilson did the maximum possible damage to his opponents; and, strategically, he sounded a clear keynote for his own party's election campaign.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

What is a Genius Worth?

Fleet Street's reactions to the Pasternak story throw an interesting light on the standard of news values operating in various national newspaper offices – including some very high and mighty ones indeed. The first news that the author of *Dr Zhivago* had been expelled by the Union of Soviet Writers and stripped of his title of Soviet Writer was by no means rated as important news by either *The Times* or the *Telegraph*. It made the main news page of neither. Indeed in *The Times* its value measured up to no more than six and a half inches down column on an inside page, exactly the same space as was given to the news that the Duke of Edinburgh had flown in a Comet – although the Duke, naturally, got his six and a half inches on the main news page. *The Times* assessment of the importance of Pasternak on the day of the first indication of the fate that was likely to befall him was in fact practically the same as (indeed just a shade lower than) that of the *Daily Worker*. It gave the report seven and a quarter inches also down column, also on an inside page. Nor was the *Telegraph* much more interested. It gave the story (from its 'Special Correspondent on Communist Affairs') seven and a half inches down column on a subsidiary news page.

Only the *News Chronicle*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Mail* apparently considered the fate of a great Russian writer to be likely at this stage to be of very much interest to their readers. All three put the news prominently on their front pages – the *News Chronicle*, whose news judgment is sometimes oddly unsure, recognising on this occasion the significance of what was afoot more quickly and more emphatically than anyone else. It gave the actual report a prominent three-column heading and backed it up with interviews with prominent British writers and with a telegram to Mr Krushchev from its editor appealing to him 'to use your influence in protecting Boris Pasternak from prosecution.' Up to the time of writing Mr Krushchev, that normally avid correspondent, has not, however, replied. The *Express*, the *Herald*, the *Mirror* and the *Sketch* all tucked the news away inside their pages with varying degrees of insignificance.

Pasternak's refusal of the Nobel award, 'without precedent in the history of the Nobel literary prize,' temporarily increased his standing in *The Times* newsroom. It brought a half-column at the top of the main news page, another half-column of comment and protests by the PEN, and the Society of Authors on an inside page, and a moving leading article.

One could not help wishing, however, that *The Times* had been a little quicker in its reactions. The *Telegraph* similarly judged that with the refusal of a Nobel Prize the matter had become worthy of the attention of its readers. It too carried a front page story and a leading article. So did the *News Chronicle*. The only other paper to make a leader comment was the *Express* which (although still finding the actual news of Pasternak's ordeal unworthy of the Page One attention of its readers) remarked characteristically, in the course of a leader just two inches long. 'Never has a book had such a blast of publicity from those who hate it'. The *Daily Worker* gave the news two and a half inches – although it is only fair to say that what it gave was in no way slanted.

Two days later the news that the campaign against Pasternak had reached a climax, in a demand that not merely should he be expelled from the Writers' Union but from Soviet Russia itself, again caught the press oddly divided in its judgments. Pasternak's refusal of the Nobel Prize had brought with it promotion in *The Times* from down column of an early page to a top on the main page – but it seems to have been doubtful whether its readers were likely to go on sustaining a high level of interest in his fate. At any rate the news that he was likely to be deprived of citizenship was judged to rate only a secondary news page – although the *News Chronicle* assessed it as likely to be more important in its readers' eyes than anything else: it led the paper with it under an eight-column streamer, 'Moscow dubs him a loathsome cosmopolitan émigré: Exile Pasternak Call'. The *Manchester Guardian*, the *Telegraph*, the *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Herald* all, unlike *The Times*, considered this latest chapter in the tragic story worthy of their front pages. Even the *Sketch* rated it at a double column on its back page. Strangely enough, however, the *Mirror* which two days previously had handed the matter over to the capable hands of Cassandra, seems to have come to the conclusion that as a 'running story' it lacked human interest – it was relegated to a mere four inches on an inside page. The *Daily Worker* – for quite other reasons no doubt – came to the same conclusion. It omitted the news altogether.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Dead End for Planners

MR MACMILLAN'S talent for dressing up concessions to special interests as measures of overdue social reform is well displayed in all the pre-election proposals of the Queen's Speech. And there is no better example than the new Town and Country Planning Bill; it sounds imposing, but even the title is a mockery. For it is a sell-out to the back-bench property lobby, which is bound to cripple, rather than promote, effective town planning. Some local councillors, and other experts, may realise this. But planning is such a complex and, for most people, unattractive subject that they will not easily see why a decision to base compensation upon 'market-value' will have such far-reaching consequences.

The present law on planning insists no buildings may be erected, changed in appearance, or converted from one use to another without planning permission granted by a county or county borough council. That was the essential principle of the Act passed by the Labour government in 1947, and it has enabled the councils concerned to draw up 20-year plans (the County of London Plan is the best-known), in which they forecast the development intended and expected in their areas – where roads shall run, what sites are suitable for housing or industry, what open space shall be provided. When such decisions are made, the councils are in fact deciding the relative value of different pieces of real estate: land zoned for agriculture will be worth less than land zoned for factories or shops. The 1947 Act thus nationalised the right to develop land; it followed from public ownership of these development rights, that the public should reap the development value – that is, the difference between the value of the land in its existing use and in its newly permitted use. To put it specifically: if agricultural land worth £100 an acre were zoned for residential housing and sold to a builder at £1,000 an acre, the difference in value had to be handed over as a 'development charge'.

When the state took over this right, it recognised that many existing landlords had reasonable expectations that their land would be developed, and they were, therefore, permitted to complete any outstanding intention to develop their land, to sell it without paying the development charge, or to be compensated for loss of development rights from the £300 million fund established for this purpose. Thus, after compensation, the public could collect the 'betterment' – the increase in value which results from planning.

Few politicians, and even fewer voters, understood this system, and the Labour government did little to explain why it was just and sensible. At the same time, the landowners campaigned vigorously against it. Only one of their criticisms had real substance. By making the development charge equal to the difference between 'existing' and 'approved' value, the landowner was left with no incentive to sell. Thus private development, particularly, was inhibited.

When the Conservative government was elected, the development charge was abolished. But a free market in land was restored solely for private development. Local councils could pay only existing use-value, whether they acquired the land by agreement with the owner or by compulsory purchase. It is this dual price system that led to new anomalies, and hence to new grievances. Consider a simple example. One farmer, Mr Brown, owning 300 acres on the edge of an expanding borough, has 50 acres zoned for housing in the county plan. These are sold to a speculative builder for £20,000. Another farmer, Mr Smith, owns 50 similar acres, also zoned for housing, but these are acquired by compulsory purchase for a council estate. Mr Smith receives only £6,000. To the *Daily Express*, and to the back-bench MPs led by Captain Corfield, it seems that this 'state land-grab' has robbed Mr Smith of £14,000.

This was the starting point of the campaign for 'fair market value', launched by a small but well-organised group. What did this mean? Simply that the local councils must pay through the nose for the monopoly values that have been created by public planning. If this Bill becomes law, a local authority must pay, in effect, what a private speculator would pay for the land – though that price is based on the monopoly value with which the land has been endowed by the authority's own decision that it be so developed. It is estimated that this will cost ratepayers and taxpayers between £12 and £15 million a year – money that is simply an unearned gift to the landowners.

The effect on local authorities is obvious. Already, since the Treasury has assimilated specific planning grants into the new block grant to local authorities, planning, which already has low priority, has been pushed to the end of the queue for money. With this additional burden imposed upon them, what priority will councils give to buying, clearing and rebuilding slum areas? Private enterprise will not tackle the urgent task of urban redevelopment, and local authorities will be deterred from undertaking any large-scale imaginative scheme, because the cost will be too great.

What alternatives can be proposed? One course for a Labour government would be to reintroduce the development charge, but to levy it at 80 per cent. rather than 100 per cent., thus giving landowners a small profit which would encourage a market in land. Where land was not offered,

the power of compulsory purchase could be invoked. This would ensure that the greater part of the betterment created by public planning would return to the public, and this money could be used to provide a planning fund. Such a fund would pay compensation to any landowner who genuinely suffered from planning restrictions, but the bulk of it would be used to help necessary town-planning schemes.

Another means of dealing with this problem would be to enable local authorities to buy land at its existing use value when it is ripe for development in accordance with the plan. The land would then be leased to private agencies for development in the approved fashion—at a rent which would reflect its value in the newly permitted use. A case in point might be a new town centre, where the council would lease sites to new department or chain stores. This was the self-financing process endorsed by the Uthwatt Committee in 1942. The Uthwatt proposals would also enable the state to secure part of the increase in value on sites already developed—for instance, in an expanding industrial area—by levying an annual tax upon them.

Once this Bill becomes law it will be increasingly difficult to make any rational use of the land, or to impose any real control upon piecemeal development. For the law of the market will prevail in both the private and public sectors. Just as central London is being spotted with office blocks, not with houses, car parks and road space, so, all over the country, the emphasis will in future be laid upon 'profitable' development by private interests, while all the essential features of balanced urban development—the proper provision of open spaces, parking facilities, school and hospital sites, even of properly planned housing schemes—will go by default.

London Diary

READING about the doings of politicians day after day, it is difficult to resist the feeling that mankind would be better without them. Yet I am sure that the politicians want to do good, even though they rarely succeed. Selwyn Lloyd and Guy Mollet, Eisenhower and Prince Rainier, Chiang Kai-shek and Nasser, each has some cloudy vision of what he might achieve if only things happened according to his wishes. The affairs of the world have got too much for them; and they tackle their jobs with the conscientious helplessness which the driver of a hansom-cab might show when suddenly called upon to pilot a jet-aeroplane. The best thing for everyone would be to dismiss the lot without a stain on their characters. I find it harder to be equally charitable towards the scientists. They keep off the front pages of the newspapers; they live modest sober lives; they make a great pother about their services to the community. In fact, most of them do not care about men, human beings, at all. They only care about their experiments and their theoretical problems. Consider Herr von Braun, who was happy making rockets for Hitler, is now happy making them for the Americans, and would presumably be just as happy making them for anyone else. The most flagrant case is Teller, Father of the H-Bomb, who first made out that his child was essential to the security of the United States, and is now arguing with equal ingenuity that it is essential for peaceful purposes. Any argument will do so long as the scientists can go on with their 'terribly sweet' problems, in Oppenheimer's revealing phrase. The scientists think that they are God. They want to remake the universe; and we pay the price for their mad ambition. The present excuse is not even genuine. The 'peaceful' remodelling of Alaska by H-Bombs is in fact designed to provide a naval harbour.

* * *

Shall we ever catch up with the scientists? Shall we knock the power out of their hands before it is too late? The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament is in the doldrums, waiting for a fresh breeze. One of our difficulties is that our arguments are too good. Each is unanswerable, but each estranges some of our audience. When we say that nuclear weapons are wicked, we are dismissed as 'just another pacifist movement'. When we show that they are dangerous and that we should be more secure without them, we are accused of cynical realism. Priestley is probably right: we ought to concentrate on the folly of nuclear weapons and nuclear strategy. What should we say of an individual who regarded a good, strong dose of potassium cyanide as the only cure for rheumatism? A more practical difficulty is shortage of money. The Campaign has been trying to change the policy of nations on a budget of about £5,000 a year. A century ago the Anti-Corn Law League thought it was doing badly when it did not spend £50,000 in the year. We shall not succeed with less. It is a sad thought that we cannot find 10,000 people, who are prepared to pay £5 a year in order to save mankind from destruction. No, that's wrong. There are plenty of people, no doubt, prepared to pay if they thought it would do any good. But they don't. Men have lost all belief that they can influence their own destinies. We shall have to recover the faith that moves mountains before Dr Edward Teller does the job for us in a very different sense.

* * *

I saw a photograph the other day of some New England children in 18th-century clothes, picking nuts for a pie made according to an 18th-century recipe. They live in a reconstructed 18th-century village, where the adults play the same make-belief. Pretending to live in the past like this is a harmless, though expensive, diversion. It is not so agreeable when the evils of the past are prolonged into the present. We can undo the web of time without going to New England simply by passing the deceptively modern portals of any joint-stock bank other than Barclays. We are back at once in the age of the Combination Laws, when membership of a trade union was a criminal offence and employers kept their 'hands' in abject dependency. Barclays alone recognise the National Union of Bank Employees. The others ban trade unionism and, to make matters worse, maintain tame House unions, decked out as guilds. I doubt whether G. K. Chesterton would write a song extolling the virtues of the Bank Guilds. The bank directors claim that these guilds are democratic, since most employees belong to them. If the directors took their talk of democracy seriously, they would test the question in a secret ballot. Yet one bank chairman was an enlightened Minister of Labour; and another, when ambassador, was much favoured by the Labour government. Failing action by Lord Monckton or Sir Oliver Franks, every customer of the joint-stock banks who believes in the right to combine can draw his own conclusion. Protests may do something. We might even try peaceful picketing. What are our convictions worth if we do not act upon them? Barclays Bank is a trade union shop.

* * *

The eyes of the nation will be on St Andrews next Friday. At least mine will. And not because of the dreary game that is played there. The students will be electing their Lord Rector. This is a fine meaningless post. The Rector does nothing of importance except deliver an oration and display his personality. The election is a symbol of what the students admire; and this time it will be especially revealing. A good many, I suppose, will vote for the Scottish Nationalist; few, I hope, for the orthodox Conservative whose only distinction is that he has never said Boo to a party whip. Glubb Pasha is also being run. The reason for this escapes me. The fourth candidate is Bob Boothby, who now glitters in the House of Lords as a life peer. His appeal ought to be irresistible in St Andrews as it is elsewhere. Though the reference books say that he is moving up to 60, he is younger in spirit than most students are at 20. In politics he has a splendid record: right over foreign policy before the war, right about expansionist economics, right (after some dithering) over Suez. Arguing with him on television every week, I am constantly surprised to discover that rare thing—a man with an open mind. Boothby would have gone to the top in politics, if he had ever managed to stop thinking. What is more important, he enjoys life, every minute of it. The Rector of St Andrews is elected for three years. There could be no better occasion to apply Boothby's Law: 'Make the most of this. It won't last'.

* * *

Oxford has no such excitement as the election of a Lord Rector. Even the new editor of the *Isis*, whose appointment was so fiercely contested, is safely and competently in office. But Oxford is the place where Boothby's Law was first enunciated; and each autumn re-creates that atmosphere for the fleeting moment. Nature must do it deliberately so as to implant in freshmen the nostalgia for Oxford which accompanies all of us in later life. This autumn has been peculiarly beautiful, hardly a leaf falling until the last days of October. In another way we are urgently making the most of things. Romantic Oxford, dark-stoned, crumbling Oxford, will not last much longer. Money for the Historical Buildings Appeal is flooding in; and almost as rapidly pouring out. Scaffolding is everywhere. Soon Oxford will be bright, clean, hard, new. Every carved face will be sharp and clear; every moulding in perfect proportion. I suppose it is right. I suppose all buildings ought to look as if they had been put up yesterday, except of course those built today (such as Nuffield College) which look as if they had been put up by mistake some centuries ago. At any rate Christ Church Meadow is going to last. I do not think we shall hear any more about an 'inner relief road' in my lifetime.

* * *

Roy Campbell was for a time employed by the BBC; or, to be more precise, drew a salary from the Corporation. He answered an advertisement for a doorkeeper; got somehow into the wrong queue; and found himself appointed a producer. He was a very good producer of an unorthodox sort. A poet of genius, with fine taste and great knowledge, he created some admirable literary programmes. But he would not tread the path of administration and intrigue which is customary at Broadcasting House. Nor would he pretend to be busy when, like most producers, he had nothing to do. He would pad along the corridors, his mind on poetry or the bull-ring. When Directors and Controllers expostulated with him, he regarded this as the buzzing of flies. To sustain the illusion, he would strike at imaginary flies while the words flowed on over his head. I suspect that Pasternak has been doing a good deal of fly-swatting during the past couple of weeks.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

When one reads sports news these days one invariably comes across the parrot phrase 'tough as teak', especially in boxing.

Cannot our writers occasionally remind us there are woods of our own country which are tougher than the coconut brown? I suggest they refer to such timbers as ash, oak, beech, birch, when they want to emphasise the toughness of some of our British manhood. – Letter in *Manchester Evening News*. (George Purvis.)

The Anglican and Roman Catholic bishops were criticised, and Mr Krushchev was congratulated, at the annual conference of the Conway Valley District of the North Wales Temperance Union at Colwyn Bay, yesterday. The Rev. Alwyn Thomas (Conway) said he had just been shown a photograph in a newspaper of a bishop wearing full vestments and mitre standing behind the bar of a public house drawing a pint of beer. – *Liverpool Daily Post*. (Margaret Driver.)

I, too, can remember buying matches at 1½d a dozen, but now that they are 2d. a box I split each of its 40 contents into two with an old safety razor blade (it is easily done) and so get 80 for my 2d. – Letter in *The Times*. (O. R. Eberstadt.)

Passion and violence are the reverse sides of the same political coin. If people are exhorted to feel strongly about politics – and these three journalists never cease so to exhort – they must expect those who cannot let off their steam weekly in print to do so by punching other people on the nose. – Letter in *The Times*. (W. Farrell.)

Letter to Nasser

'Visit the hospitable, historic UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC' (U.A.R. Tourist Office advertisement in the *New Yorker*.)

Historic Sir,
Most hospitable Colonel
I see you're advertising in a jolonel,
Your pyramids and your engaging Sphinx.
Is Dulles going? How is trade in Brinx?

I always liked your pin-up, Cleopatra,
With Roman lovers in a queue to flatra –
Including *veni-vidi-vici* Caesar,
That perfect military-pickled gaesar:
I'll bet, in bed, he bored her with *De Bello*
And said that Pompey was a pompous fello;
However . . . Like yourself, sir, and Montgomery
He fancied methods short and sharp and somery.

My trouble is, I do not like your Junta.
Some Brass-hats might; why not invite a punta
For stakes political? Perhaps de Gaulle
Or little Franco (who is in a haulle)
Or your new colleagues, like the blokes in Burma
And Pakistan, whose seats are rather furma.

But these have jobs; and – at your shop in Cairo –
Ne Win would be a novice and a tairo.
Leave Win to win and Pak to Ayub Khan –
Monty's your man: just watch him storm the bhan!

When had the Turks a bashier bazouk?
His Gospel's not in Matthew, Mark or Louk
Or John – but in those portions of the Bible
Where the Divinity was strictly trible . . . .

Colonel, there's just one snag: like Lou Quatorze
L'état, c'est lui.
I am, sir, truly yorze,

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Those put in Authority Over Us

THERE is a good deal of current speculation about who exercises power over whom. Those who follow the usage of the Book of Common Prayer are accustomed to pray for 'all Christian Kings, Princes and Governors; and especially thy servant Elizabeth our Queen,' as well as for 'her whole Council' and 'all that are put in authority under her.' It is the last category which has lately aroused particular curiosity, the earlier ones having been very considerably thinned out in the course of history. Who are put in authority and how?

Theoretically, the question should be easily answered. There is our sovereign parliament, seat of power and patronage, the operative House of which is elected by universal suffrage. Some members of parliament doubtless continue to accept the validity of this concept, which in any case fosters their own highly developed sense of self-importance. One sees them puffing out their chests, as, to the policemen's glorious shout of their own name, they step into the lobby. Even among MPs, however, doubt exists. Cases have even been known, on both sides of the House, of members withdrawing precisely because they reached the conclusion that, at best, they had but a walking-on part in a production devised and stage-managed elsewhere. As for lobby correspondents and others who haunt the airless corridors of the House of Commons, and sit in the press gallery through its mostly tedious and predictable deliberations – they inevitably tend to look with a jaundiced eye on a scene which has come to seem stale, flat and unprofitable, but out of which they still must wring acceptable copy.

The fact is that, in many eyes, parliament more and more gives the impression of being a little angry, moody, vainglorious world of its own. It has somehow got detached. The engine goes puffing on, but where's the train? Mr Macmillan or Mr Bevan may score a great parliamentary triumph, but few outside the precincts of Westminster ever hear about it; Mr Selwyn Lloyd or Mr Griffiths may prove a disastrous parliamentary flop, but what does it matter when their performance passes largely unnoticed?

In such circumstances, it is tempting to look elsewhere for the sources of power; to talk darkly about the party machines and their ruthless practices, or about vast financial interests and the influence they wield, or to devise a bizarre triangle, with Lady Violet Bonham-Carter as the hypotenuse, and Sir William Haley and Mr Sparrow of All Souls as the sum of the other two sides.

Any or all of these propositions may well be true. The two party machines are powerful indeed, and, as far as possible, dispense authority only to the obedient. The Institute of Directors (whom I once addressed on the subject of humour) seem a formidable and self-confident body of men. If Lord Monckton and Sir Oliver Franks and Sir Hartley Shawcross have thought it expedient to move away from Whitehall and Westminster and towards the City, then that, we may be sure, is a golden road. The most ardent rebelliousness quails before the implacable Lady Violet, with Sir William Haley on one side and Mr Sparrow on the other.

By the same token, anyone who has stubbed his toe against Sir Ian Jacob of Broadcasting House will know that it hurts, and that he is unlikely to be bandaged up by Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick or Sir Robert Fraser at the rival Independent Television Authority. From Lambeth Palace to the minutest rectory, from the War Office to the newest subaltern, from innumerable board-rooms to the doorman who respectfully bows in expense-account lunchers and diners, from the Foreign Office to the last batch of aspiring entrants to the diplomatic service, there is a clear chain of command. The torch of authority is passed from hand to hand; and if someone drops it, there is always another runner coming along just behind to pick it up.

So it has always been, and so, with sharp or subtle variations, it will no doubt always be. What is rather surprising, and certainly interesting, about our own particular set-up is that it has grown decidedly stronger of late, instead of, as might have been supposed, weaker. The forces of conformism have re-grouped, and now are waxing, not waning. A sort of stealthy counter-revolution has, all unnoticed, taken place, and is steadily gaining in strength. I should say myself that the penalties for speaking out of turn are today more severe than they have been for at least half a century, and that the rewards of subservience are correspondingly greater. It is interesting to reflect that Tennyson was at first very reluctant to accept a peerage because he feared it would make things more difficult for him in the social revolution which was surely coming. I doubt if Lord Attlee felt any such qualms when his earldom was proposed.

Out of the debris of two world wars, and the social upheavals which accompanied and followed them, the position of those put in authority is stronger than before it all happened. Holders of industrial securities have grown steadily richer; what the socially eminent have lost on their trustee stocks they have picked up in the stately-home business and in the importance accorded them in the ever-expanding field of the gossip-columnist. Who could possibly have believed in 1945 that a Conservative prime minister would, in 1958, be looking forward, with plausible confidence, to a third term of office?

The more privileged are necessarily always frightened of the less privileged; and when the latter seem to have at their disposal a revolutionary or political instrument for advancing their own cause, this fear amounts to panic. The Labour Party, with the October Revolution looming up behind it, seemed to be such an instrument. It really did make the rich wonder if they were going to be able to keep their money, and those who manned the ship of state's upper deck question the durability of the arrangements whereby they found themselves there. They wonder no more.

Now they feel confident that, whatever happens, capital gains and the *Sunday Times* and public schools' waiting lists will get bigger and better, and that television, the greatest formative influence of the age, will, under Sir Ian and Sir Ivone, continue to operate on their behalf. Public education, about which they were apprehensive, has proved a tranquilliser rather than a stimulant. The popular press still contains some sacriligeous elements, certainly, but has, to their relief, largely discredited itself. 'God bless Hire Purchase, Miss Bartok, Prince Shiv, William Hickey, and all the other harmless diversions which deflect attention from more serious matters', they conclude their prayers; and, with a final 'Floreat Etona' and 'God Save the Queen', go serenely to bed.

Short of a serious economic depression or an atomic war, their calculations, it seems to me, are likely to prove well-founded. The counter-revolution has succeeded beyond the wildest expecta-

tions of its promoters. Those put in authority have every reason to expect to stay put. Their situation is better than it has been at any time in my lifetime, and is likely to go on improving. If I were given to looking in anger, it would be forward, not back, that I should direct my gaze.

Whenever I think about this inexhaustibly interesting subject of the incidence and exercise of power, there is one incident which always comes back into my mind. It was long ago, in the early Thirties. I was having a drink in a café in Vienna. My companion was a free-lance journalist of sorts, and apropos of nothing, and quite casually and ruminatively, he remarked: 'I sometimes wonder if I'm licking the right boots'. The early autumn evening light was fading. That pause had come between day and nightfall, when work has ended and pleasure not begun, when the evening papers have been laid aside and the morning ones are still empty dummies; when a city seems for a moment somehow still, bracing itself for the switch from the light of the sun to all the little fragmented lights which will soon come out. Into this stillness my companion's remark fell like a stone into a pond, making widening ripples. If he is still around, he has less cause to wonder now than then.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

She Came to Us

SHE stood on the steps of New Lincoln School in New York City, waving happily at the crowd. It was one day last February. All of us knew where she came from, and we knew that there, at this moment, her disgrace was being used against the rest. Right now, they were handing out cards that spoke for their fury – that said ONE DOWN, EIGHT TO GO. This girl was the 'one down'. Her name was Minnijean Brown, a 16-year-old student, expelled from the Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas.

She was one of the nine Negro students who had been going to Central High since September. Their first day there was a storm of feeling at riot pitch, with the National Guard trying to make a wall behind which these students could go to school. There was one photograph which gave the scene: the dark girl going past the terrible open-mouth faces of women full of destruction. If you saw that picture, you remember it.

Her coming here, five months later, was still not at all like the way a high school junior comes to school. She had been offered a scholarship for $525, tuition for that half-year, 'provided that a proper home could be provided for her in New York City'. Dr John J. Brooks, director of New Lincoln, said that 'as a pilot school for American education, we are concerned with principles of education as well as curriculum and teaching procedures'. There was a principle of education involved as Minnijean Brown stood on the school steps that Monday morning, a strong, poised, handsome girl, dressed in a coat of fresh blue with a corsage of orchids, beside her mother. She waved for the battery of photographers filling the sidewalk, crowding around the red Jaguar from the television network.

The school was excited, too. But through the city, there were several kinds or response. A boy in the school said: 'A good thing. Our school invited that girl from Little Rock'. A shopkeeper asked: 'Will she be able to keep up with her studies?' And a woman listening: 'Did they check on her grades when they gave her that scholarship?' A taxi-driver said: 'Tell me this – why did they want the trouble-maker?' And a soda-jerk: 'That's a good school that does a thing like that'.

In Little Rock, when the nine Negro students were admitted, the school authorities pledged them never to 'retaliate to verbal or physical harassment regardless of circumstance or degree'. That meant, according to the local secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, that Minnijean 'could not raise a voice or a hand in defence of her very life without jeopardising her future at Central. Yet those who contrived this agreement did nothing to deter her tormentors, who increased day by day'. She was 'roughed up,' kicked, threatened with violence, hit with a bowl of hot soup – twice – hit in the back with a rock, and called endless names including 'nigger bitch' – and expelled for spilling her lunch tray on two students who attacked her. After Minnijean's expulsion, the signs came out in Little Rock. They were battle signals: ONE DOWN, EIGHT TO GO.

Minnijean had a chance to talk to her teacher that first morning at New Lincoln. They met privately, before the reporters arrived, and went on with the talk over coffee, before the last pictures were to be taken. Mrs Carpenter liked the girl at once. Pauline Carpenter is a graceful, slender woman, with an accurate way of talking and moving that is very attractive. Her eyes are a changeable brown, flickering as she speaks, and her brown hair is folded smoothly up and over her head. 'The thing that startled Minnijean most,' she told me, 'was my saying that she was expected to argue with her teachers. I told her she could ask questions about anything.' What Minnijean said was: 'I hope I can be just another student'. The school promised her that she really could – after that first morning, no reporters, no photographers. They hoped they were not being naive. For the acceptance of this girl after she had been thrown out of the entire Arkansas school system was stirring up many things, not likely to die down soon.

Governor Faubus had said publicly that the School Board in Little Rock 'may have made a bad mistake'. He meant that Minnijean should have gone back to Horace Mann, the all-Negro school. 'He doesn't mean that he thinks she shouldn't have been *expelled* – but just a little bit expelled,' says Minnijean's mother, and her smile has a corner strong enough to carry her meaning.

In Little Rock, the first day the girl could not go back to school, Mrs Brown took her shopping for shoes. At 40, she has the same poise as her daughter, a lively assurance. 'I hoped all the staring was over,' she says, 'but everything in that shoe store just stopped.' They had had all the degrees of daytime unpleasantness, whenever they went out. It was now evident in some of Mr Brown's business life, too – he is a building contractor in Little Rock. But the horrors came at night. 'They'd call us up, and say, "We'll lynch her" – "We'll bomb that house". Mostly at night. After a while, we told Minnijean not to answer the phone when it rang at night.'

But it was the younger children she was worried about, too. They are three years old, nine, and ten. At first the Browns thought they would not expose them to this, not tell them at all. But soon, says Mrs Brown, they knew they couldn't keep it from them; so they told them, as gently as they could.

All during the school year, there was a lot of sadness for the nine Negro students. And growth, too. Minnijean's mother said that the girl had found more strength than she had thought possible. Strength was necessary, every day, every morning. The nine families had not really known each other before this; but the solidarity among the children was there. When the scolarship was offered to Minnijean, she said, 'I'll go to New York if the others want me to'. The whole group decided together that she should go.

During the days before the flight east, there were two more telephone calls. One was to Mrs Daisy Bates, president of the Arkansas NAACP, from a woman who asked what sizes Minnijean wore. The caller drove up to the Brown house on the last evening with a lot of new clothes – coats, hats, dresses, bags. She was a white woman, the owner of 'the most exclusive shop in Pulaski Heights'. Another call was made, and this Minnijean and Mrs Brown did not know until after their flight. It was anonymous, a call made to the manager of the airport to say that there was a bomb on their plane. There was no bomb.

Mrs Brown made only a quick visit to New Lincoln before she went home to Little Rock. She and her husband have respect for education, she says, and she knows that it is not a tour through the building that will let her know what is happening. 'There are new school buildings in Little Rock,' she says. 'A new building isn't a school. We've heard a lot of that kind of talk. People think a school's a building but it's not.'

Minnijean Brown hung up her coat with the orchids. In a violet dress she sat among her classmates with the books she would be using – Eugene O'Neill's plays, a life of Benjamin Franklin, *Immortal Poems*, a book on El Camino Real. She wondered what would happen when they studied the Civil War. She knew she had heard about it from a southern point of view; here it would all be northern, she guessed, but Mrs Carpenter had said they would use several books – Beard, Faulkner – and all discuss and ask questions. She had never once asked questions about the Civil War. She would have more science than she had ever had; and maths, they said; and French this year, and biology.

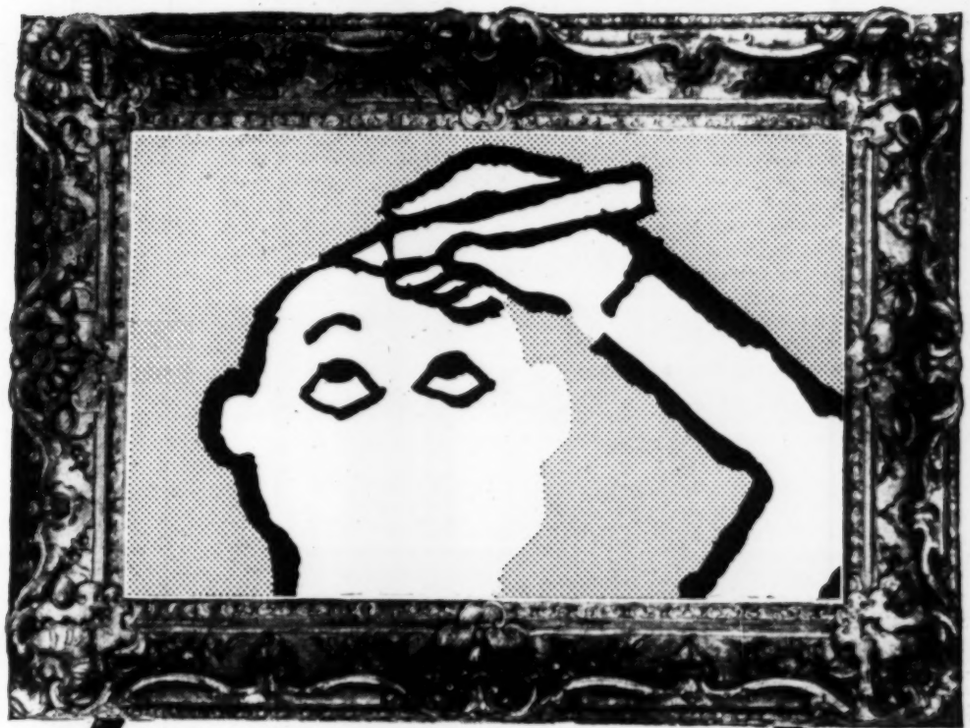
The class was talking about O'Neill. There were objections from these 16-year-olds. Wasn't this too tragic? Minnijean volunteered. 'Well,' she said, 'in life things don't always have a happy ending, do they? That's the way it is.' And she volunteered to read. She loves to read, and can be seen as she really is when she reads poetry. She likes to sing, too, and is glad the school will be doing Gilbert and Sullivan's *Princess Ida* this year. But now she is reading the old song that begins:

> Love not me for comely grace,
> For my pleasing eye or face,
> Nor for any outward part. . . .

'She's an awfully nice girl,' said Mrs Carpenter to me.

And the school – what had it done to prepare for this? In the few days before Minnijean's arrival, Dr Brooks had spoken to all the classes from the seventh grade up, telling them the facts and why the school was glad to welcome this girl. It has meant something to the other students in this school to have Minnijean come, and to know that they are part of what is happening. To the younger children, it comes through in the simplest terms. A boy in the fifth grade overheard Dr Brooks speaking about it to the high school, and told it this way; 'He said there wasn't to be any yaking in the cafeteria.' In the *Live Wire*, the paper of the lower school - mimeographed - a short statement on Page 3, under the heading 'A New Student', is, again, Dr Brooks speaking:

> This is a dramatic incident in the life of the New Lincoln School. Our brief history has been



can you picture yourself in, say, 9 years' time?

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full of adventuring of one kind or another. Our school always responds with enthusiasm to promising plans and fortunate circumstances. In this case we need more than enthusiasm; we need to be helpful, to be reasonable, restrained, and to act in good taste. I'm asking each member of our school's community to help make Minnijean's entrance to our school and her life here as normal, as unexcited, and as satisfying to her as possible.

To the other students it means many things. It means partly that they know that they are in a school that can act generously and with speed; they have seen a chance given to someone who was going to be cut off from all further education, for acting in a way many of them feel they would have acted. Most of all, it means to them this: they know they have a part in making the world. This is something that for a long time was a principle basic to our people, the principle on which the strength and responsibility of the individual in the life of this country was built. However, in our lifetime, this principle has come to be almost totally obscured. Here, in one stroke, among children and young people, it is made clear and active.

This girl is not a troublemaker. She has answered the troublemakers. She was set in disgrace for that. It is not her shame. The disgrace branches out past Little Rock to every one of us who is white and lets it exist, there and in our community; to everyone who thinks 'Why did they take the troublemaker?' The disgrace belongs to all of us, for we all have that element in us. Attack can be met with passive resistance – and it looks as if the Negro people had made themselves the next 'chosen people' in taking on themselves the great work of passive resistance in this country. But there will be times when somebody young and fiery will be the kind of champion who answers back, some young girl shouting back at those who say 'Goddam,' as it was said long ago in France, or 'Niggerbitch,' as it is now said in Little Rock. Minnijean Brown fought back in Little Rock; there will be things for her to fight in New York, maybe as difficult, whatever they are.

In her first week here, Minnijean asks the 16-year-old questions. What is the social life around here? Do they really want me to come to the party? Do they wear socks? She was told about socks – the three lengths, and what they are called locally. Yes, they want her at the party on Friday evening. But some of the students have invited her to go to see *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, and that is what she is going to do.

She has noticed right away that the handshakes are different. In Little Rock, when people shook hands, they took her hand like this, with just their fingertips; their whole hands never touched hers. But perhaps that's the way they shake hands there. 'I hope that here they will see me as a *person*,' she says. 'I hope I will have friends here. Last year, I had friends; but all during this time, with everything that's happened, I don't really make any friends.'

Now she in her classroom is deep in talk about Shakespeare's sonnets. A class of about 20 students, 18 of them white. Several of them volunteer to read. They say, one after another, the marvellous lines of the change of state – the poem which takes you, after the long despising, up in a great sweep at break of day. Her classmates talk about this form, this sonnet – what does the tight structure do? Does it confine the poet? How can it mean freedom to him? They talk about the tightness of rhyme, the music within the lines, and the movement of the meaning.

Minnijean volunteers: she speaks about the poem as a whole, she comes through with an offering quality that is in her thought and in her experience. This is a girl who had been doing pretty badly in English at Little Rock – bad marks. She talks about the music and the rhyme. You cannot separate out any of these elements, she says, and hope to keep the beauty. The beauty is the entire thing, she says; and she volunteers to read the sonnet, too, sharing these meanings that the others have read, offering it to us for our meaning, the full and piercing lines:

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes. . .

MURIEL RUKEYSER

New York

Go, Happy Rose

THE first time I heard Rose Macaulay's high, clipped voice was on the telephone 25 years ago. I was asking her, as one of the most distinguished members of my college, to sign a protest about the proposed building of a chapel. Somerville was by charter undenominational; the offer of a chapel by an anonymous donor seemed highly suspect – it was all crystal-clear to me, and I'd no doubt so progressive a person as Rose Macaulay would see it that way too. Not a bit of it: 'Why not? If anyone offered me a chapel, *of course* I'd take it!' There in that first exchange was all Rose's gay acceptance, and domestication, of the unexpected or the bizarre – whether a chapel or a camel – and there too was her wonderful unpredictability. You could never tell what she would be up to next, in her books or her life or her talk: putting a public informer into a novel, darting off to Palmyra with a Li-lo, capering across the bombed buildings round St Paul's after a staid meeting (ruins were a passion), bringing news of a conversion to (or from) Rome. She was a great hand at a gossip, but it was the kind of gossip that springs from an active, affectionate concern about people.

Noël Annan took Rose as the starting-point for his survey of intellectual families: she was certainly born to the intellectual purple, but no one claimed less privilege, had less sense of self-importance, or was more diffident about her talents. She played down her considerable learning – in 17th-century theology, in the early history of the Church. She was sometimes over-generous to friends' writings, very often over-hard on her own, meeting criticism with humility, and without rancour. 'X can't bear me – my fault, I believe!' she wrote about some reviews of *The World My Wilderness*, which I'd thought rather dense, 'and the others were honest and nice and polite and made some true criticisms'. She never became too grand for the minor jobs of a writing life, and though most of her work for the NEW STATESMAN was done in the Thirties and Forties, she continued to do an odd review of a book that interested her. She was professional in her attitude, nipping along by bus to get her copy in on time, and she never expected star treatment. Her own dignity was the last thing she thought of: she proposed, not long ago, at a committee of the London Library, that the ladders for reaching the high shelves should be on wheels 'so that I can work myself along'. It took the chairman's firm insistence that the Library couldn't be responsible for Miss Macaulay's broken limbs to stop that one. She was greatly entertained at being a Dame, and answered congratulations with self-mocking rhymes:

Dame Rose
Sits and sews
And warms her toes . . .

It was startling to learn that she was 77; at parties where she was wittier and more spirited on orange juice than others on champagne, people never said 'How young Rose looks', for one never thought of her age at all. Here again she cut across conventional categories, liking people and interested in them – the old and young, the voluble and shy, the just and unjust – for what they were, and never mind about age, or reputation, or background, or importance. She had a great deal to give because she had been through a great deal herself: she knew 'the ruins in the soul . . . the wilderness that stretches not without but within'. But she had the happiness of being, to the end, actively and fruitfully involved in life, and living it to the last minute in her own idiosyncratic and independent way.

In her zest, her intellectual curiosity, her wit, her unshockability, her religious temper, she was very 17th-century; and I have been looking in Herrick, whom she loved and round whom she wrote one of her best novels, for something to fit her. I didn't find any lines to sum her up, but there were three words that will do, I think, as a valediction: 'Go, happy Rose!'

JANET ADAM SMITH

The Arts and Entertainment

Free to Starve

'IN a free society the arts should be free from direction and control.' Thus the first sentence in the Treasury's survey, *Government and the Arts in Britain*: as a statement applied to the present situation, it begs so many questions that one could fill pages simply posing them. Yet it does express the theoretical liberal view of the matter. This view is now the official one and shared, say, by the Duke of Edinburgh, Mr Gaitskell and Sir William Coldstream. It is useful to remember, however, that once such a view was political dynamite and was used as such to further the interests of the eighteenth-century middle-class. Only if we remember that liberal 'tolerance' was originally an aggressive political weapon, can we understand the decline of the relevance and usefulness of this concept.

The liberal attitude to the arts is now obsolete. Its very language gives it away. On the following pages of the survey one comes across phrases like 'private munificence' or 'the generosity of those who aspire to become public benefactors'. Nor is this just a question of Whitehall's unique vocabulary. Lord Bridges's Romanes Lecture on *The State and the Arts* reveals the inadequacy of the same attitude in a different way. Reading this lecture one is aware of a modest, civilised man discussing a worrying problem: the problem of how to maintain the old faithful family retainers now that the family fortune has gone: couldn't the government help – without it being called state aid?

> The artist's inspiration is something individual to himself. The extent to which he can pursue it unhampered varies no doubt between the arts. Perhaps the architect suffers more from his clients than other artists. Nevertheless, any creative artist of worth tries to achieve something different from what others have done before him.

East of those sentences by Lord Bridges is a half-truth. But in every case the opposite half-truth is surely more relevant to the mid-twentieth century. For example: The artist's inspiration is

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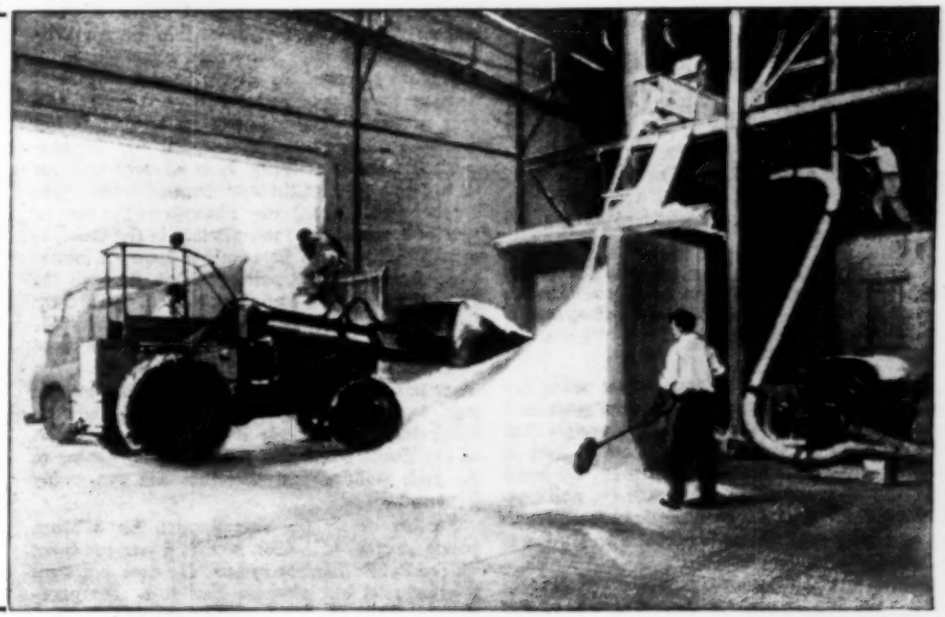

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the time in which he lives. The architect is the most fortunate of artists today because he is the most needed. Originality is a by-product: pursued for its own sake, it is transformed into mere novelty hunting.

> The arts can give to all of us . . . much of what is best in human life and enjoyment . . . a nation which does not put this at the disposal of those who have the liking and capacity for it, is failing in a most important duty.

Ultimately, if you don't consider the arts as weapons, you must consider them as amenities, or comforts. There can be no half-way house. Yet for a nation like ours in the modern world the pursuit of extra comforts is essentially a parochial and trivial affair. The basic needs of millions – including a section of our own population – are so urgent and so undeniable that all else is peripheral.

> No one, thank heaven, can tell us with certainty which are the greatest painters or composers, or poets, of all time, still less what compelling reasons there are why this or that work of art must be preferred to another.

Again, what a long way that gentle voice has to travel to reach us! It comes from the enchanted garden of art where every man wanders free where he wishes and all are admitted so long as they are the guests of Taste. Yet today we know that – however complicatedly – each age and class elevates that art of the past which best expresses its own very material aspirations. The garden is a battlefield.

And indeed what a long way off Lord Bridges in fact is, for, discussing the questions of the present cultural education of children, he can say: 'This part of the business seems to me now to be pretty well cared for.'

Yet the most telling proof of the inadequacy of the liberal view of the arts lies in the fact that finally nobody pays more than lip service to it. The Government values the existence of the free, living arts to the tune of one million pounds a year, which is the same amount as is spent on 'preserving historic houses and their contents'.

Year after year in each annual report of the Arts Council – the latest one is called *A New Pattern of Patronage* – Sir William Emrys Williams demands, with admirable insistence, more money for the arts. Yet in the present climate of opinion I doubt whether any government will ever meet his demands – and up to date it has made no difference at all whether the Government is Labour or Tory. It is all very well for us to point out that the sum demanded (this year another two million) only amounts to the cost of two jet bombers. The point is that in the Government's opinion two jet bombers have an immediate diplomatic and political value, whereas the arts – if you have a liberal attitude towards them – are, in any immediate sense, valueless. Sir William complains that trade delegations are received at Lancaster House but that the Moscow Art Theatre Company was not. I doubt whether this was essentially a piece of political bloody-mindedness; more likely it was simply the result of the liberal belief that the arts have nothing to do with politics and therefore are not really important.

Further on in the new Report, Sir William points out that 16 million pounds a year are spent on the Public Library system. He does not want this reduced but suggests that it is disproportionate when only one-twelfth of this sum is spent on the arts. Of course it is disproportionate. But why should any government be affected by such pure, philanthropic logic? The Public Library system was initiated in the early nineteenth century because there was a commercial need for literate workers. True, the libraries no longer have this justification, but they have now became an institution which it would be electorally dangerous to dismantle. Convince the government today that Action Painting could hypnotise the Arab world and 20 million pounds would be spent on Action Painting next year. Maintain the liberal illusion that the arts are independent and free and – as has been said in another context – they will be left free to starve.

I do not now believe that there is the slightest chance of the arts in England being energetically sponsored until a powerful political opposition, which is to say the organised working-class, realises that the arts can usefully serve and promote their own interests. The Right can never realise this (unless and until in desperation it becomes fascist) because it is hopelessly trapped within its own liberal hypocrisy.

Meanwhile all concerned with the financing of the arts must be content to be short-term opportunists. And here Sir William has, I think, brilliantly selected his targets:

(1). To try to force the Government to take direct responsibility for Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells. At present about two-thirds of the Arts Council's total aid (£444,000 out of £735,000) goes to supporting opera and ballet. This cripples any more creative (as opposed to maintainance) schemes that the Council may have. Covent Garden is after all a national institution almost in the same sense as the National Gallery. And here the particular prestige factors which are attached to opera might conceivably move the Government. Freed from these responsibilities, the Council would then be able to *commission* works of art – which is the point at which real patronage can begin.

(2). To try to get an amendment written into the 1948 Local Government Act. This act empowered Local Authorities to spend up to the product of a 6d. rate on the arts. Since then many municipalities have spent almost nothing. If a minimum level of say 1d. could be written into the Act, well over two million pounds a year would be spent municipally on the arts.

(3). To encourage what Sir William calls 'The Third Force' of patronage. That is to say, to encourage Big Business in general and the television companies in particular to spend on the arts. Here one should have no illusions about how long the summer will last, or about the motives of the patrons. Also, every case should be examined carefully to see what strings are attached. (Big Business is now big because it does not in general hold the liberal principles as sacred.)

Apart from such stop-gap measures, anyone fundamentally interested in the future status of the arts must follow the example of Ruskin and Morris and look for what is essentially the political solution. This solution will be found when it is realised that Liberalism is the sister of Philanthropy and that the days of Philanthropy are fortunately over.

JOHN BERGER

The Partisan

FOR those who can read it, there must be a parable on the present state of the English Left in the *Partisan* in Soho, the *Universities and Left Review's* new anti-espresso bar that sells espresso. Quite apart from the overt historicism of the proposition to re-create 'the character of older coffee-houses' and the mousy monasticism implicit in the proposition that one needs a special environment to be Left in, the functional programme presented to the architects was congested, with a profit-making coffee bar doubling as a meeting hall and art gallery, and æsthetically confused by the decision to replace Right romanticism ('We didn't want it to look like an espresso bar') by romanticism of the Left ('Something of a French *tabac*').

Fortunately the budget was too tight and the premises too constricted to permit the architects – Douglas Stephen and Partner (assistant, Panos Koulermos) – to do anything but be themselves and design it straight: the result, to my mind, is better than ULR deserved as clients (whatever unsocialist ideas about waiter-service the architects may once have entertained). By breaking a large stair-well through the middle they have given an illusion of spaciousness to what might have been a corridor-like main floor and an oppressive basement, as well as opening sight-lines from all parts to a centrally-placed speaker at meetings. The façade on Carlisle Street is of the same wood-and-glass vernacular as the windows of the Stirling-Gowan flats at Ham Common, the brick and concrete bar counter is of the same family, though utterly different in effect. The purpose-made furniture is elegantly simple above ground, elegantly rude below – clearly inexpensive, but not cheap-looking.

The whole thing has a consistent character given not by political commitment, but by straight architectural professionalism, and that character is consistently Italianate. And that is perfectly proper; the 'espresso' style may have started at the *Bar Brera* in Milan, and it may have been imported into Soho by an Italian firm (Gaggia House, on the corner of Carlisle Street), but it was never an Italian style. To get genuine

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REYNER BANHAM

Private Worlds and Public

MR SAMUEL BECKETT'S second play, at the Royal Court, seems to me much less successful than his first; and I am aware that in recording this feeling I may be doing nothing more than commenting on my own neurosis. In *Waiting for Godot* Mr Beckett's neurosis and mine were for quite long stretches on the same beam; in *End Game* they never tangled. Thus in *Waiting for Godot* I felt that he had created and projected a recognisable public image for a comparatively widespread private feeling, an anxiety state shared by many of his contemporaries – and the surprising success of so very highbrow a play showed that this was so. There were in that play far too many irrelevant details of silly symbolism which were merely irritating, but the main flow carried us along. One hoped that, perceiving from performance what meant something to an audience and what didn't, Mr Beckett would expand his themes outwards in an effort to communicate even more successfully.

He has, in *End-Game*, done the opposite; he has expanded not the public but the private images. He has concentrated not on what is common between his audiences and him but what is private to himself. Pozzo, the tyrant, and Lucky, the slave, of *Godot*, are the central characters here, re-christened Hamm and Clov respectively. But nothing is clarified about their relationship; they are simply stuck as any repetitive fantasy is stuck, never able to get beyond a certain point, locked in the impasse of neurosis. Details are added, but not informative ones. Pozzo-Hamm is not only blind but paralysed: he has a few additional properties, a gaff, a three-legged toy dog. Imprisoned in a cell in a void without hope in a world that is running down, the two wait for the end which won't come. The wry humour which alleviated the dreariness of *Waiting for Godot* is less in evidence; as, too, is the compelling rhythm of the dialogue.

Certainly, in its slow repetitive build-up, *End-Game* achieves in the end an image of desolation, bleak beyond description. But the image seems to me a purely private one; the desolation is not the desolation of the world but of one individual mind. It tells you a good deal about Mr Beckett's solitary despairs, if you are really interested in them. But who is? There are two other wholly irrelevant characters on stage, Hamm's father and mother, legless nonogenarians bottled in dustbins. These are mere Gothic horrors, added for horror's sake, and unconnected with the action. But they suggest one ghastly possibility. On the analogy of Pozzo and Lucky taking over this play, will the dustbin nonogenarians take over the next? That will be a gay evening.

Mr Beckett has written a crazy monologue, *Krapp's Last Tape*, to go with *End-Game*. A frenzied, obsessed old man rummages through the drawers of his desk and produces now a banana, now and old tape which he fits into his tape-recorder in order to recapture an erotic experience from his youth. This far too long slice of Joycery would (I should hope) have been yawned off the stage if Mr Patrick Magee hadn't used it as an opportunity to bring one of Mr Francis Bacon's pictures horrifyingly and brilliantly alive for us.

What a relief to step back from these inverted explorations of the seamier side of Mr Beckett's nasty Unconcious into the lucidity of Hauptmann's late nineteenth-century social conscience. *Garden of Loneliness*, at the Arts, carries us into familiar territory where the New Thought clashes with the Good Old Ways. And our hindsight is able to add, at this distance, a layer of irony to the clash. How innocent is the New Woman's hailing of the coming of the Twentieth Century as the dawn of light and progress! Hauptmann has nothing very original to say about the conflict, but he embodies it in a story tightly constructed with that depth of perspective and richness of texture which his followers learned from Ibsen. The play is as plumped out as a novel, and entirely engrossing.

It has been singularly well translated and directed by Mr Richard Duschinsky, and is acted with that absence of cliché which is growingly the mark of our young actors and actresses. Miss Jane Griffiths is the young wife of a brilliant young biologist who is all too aware of her intellectual inadequacy, and yet manages to be a person in her own right too. Mr Michael Atkinson gives the young biologist that streak of frustrated and obsessive self-engrossment which is his driving force. Miss Anne Ridler is perfectly cast as the New Woman and makes the young man's falling in love with her understandable too. Miss Vivienne Bennett is the mother, intellectually narrow but emotionally deep, and Mr David Aylmer touches off the moodiness of the unsuccessful artist-politician.

The Arts are to be congratulated on discovering for us this extremely interesting example of its genre and putting it on so admirably.

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Scarlet and Black

THE new production of *Boris Godunov* at the Royal Opera House has aroused quite violent controversy, first because the whole cast sings in Russian and secondly because Mussorgsky's two versions of the work are combined, which not only makes a very long evening but also disregards the composer's own decision as to what should be included and what should not. Those who admire the unique quality of Mussorgsky's music will naturally not be disappointed at hearing a scene that is hardly ever performed, namely, the one that takes place in the precincts of St Basil's Cathedral and which includes a striking encounter between Boris and the Simpleton. Nevertheless Mussorgsky had a perfectly good reason for dropping this scene once he had decided to end the opera in the Kromy forest, for he uses the Simpleton's song there as well, with similar dramatic effect and with the same very moving instrumental conclusion. I should have thought it obvious that Covent Garden ought to choose one or the other, and despite the novelty of the St Basil scene it is probably the ending in the forest which more truly expresses Mussorgsky's conception of the work as a whole.

The question of language is more difficult. There are excellent critics who claim that it is better to ensure a vital performance of *Boris* by having the local cast sing in their own language whilst a Chaliapin or a Christoff sings the title-role in his, than to aim at uniformity and perhaps run the risk of achieving only a uniform dullness. The danger is there, certainly. One could hardly fail to notice the other evening that almost everyone seemed hampered by the ordeal of singing in Russian. The two scenes of the Prologue were nervous and muted, and there were many wonderful pages afterwards that made only half their effect. I think the conductor, Rafael Kubelik, was also partly responsible. He maintained a good ensemble and followed Boris Christoff's timing to a hundredth of a second; on the other hand he seemed quite often to read the instrumental part of the score too 'orchestrally'. To give an example: those dark semiquavers which run through the first part of the scene in Pimen's cell sounded almost as though they belonged to a harmless tone-poem by Smetana. They might, of course, if nothing else entered into it; but in fact the orchestral accompaniment has to take its colour and accent from the drama on the stage, rather as Benjamin Britten when he accompanies Lieder *plays the words* and not merely the notes, however beautifully. Only then can the actual sound of *Boris* express the stark audacity of Mussorgsky's conception.

There were splendid moments all the same, and some excellent individual performances. Regina Resnik carried off the part of Marina with great vitality despite music which consists of an almost perpetual *alla polacca*; Joseph Rouleau made an impressive Pimen; John Lannigan played Shuisky with remarkable insight into Mussorgsky's subtle treatment of character; whilst Duncan Robertson sang the part of the Simpleton so beautifully that it was a pleasure to hear it twice over. The only failure was that of Josip Gostic as Grigory, for he had neither the voice nor the artistry nor the stage presence that are required. Meanwhile there is no need at this time of day to comment at any length on Christoff's superb Boris. He may sometimes have sung in better voice, but his portrayal had the same intensity as ever, the same range of expression, and the same power of construction, of imagining and articulating a whole scene so that one can remember every musical

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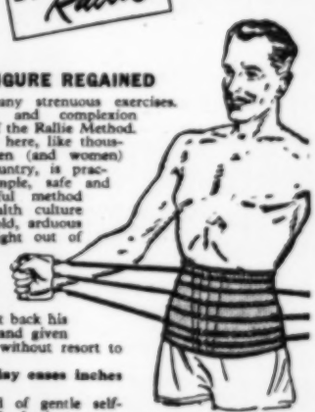

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nuance and every path he traces on the stage. He even 'constructs' his curtain calls: first the unseeing entry, still in the grip of the events he has just been enacting, then the long low bow, and only then, the transition accomplished, the gleaming smile and outstretched hands.

Herbert Graf's production succeeds best in the conference chamber scene but is nowhere very thrilling; the sets by Georges Wakhevitch would perhaps be better suited to the more civilised Rimsky-Korsakov version of *Boris*, but are magnificently spacious and inventive.

Two evenings earlier Sadler's Wells had reopened with *The Flying Dutchman* in a new and quite masterly production by Dennis Arundell. Those extremists who have long ago had enough of the late works of Wagner and who, like Roger Sessions, 'instinctively recoil from an art in which the æsthetic shudder or caress has become an end in itself', can still enjoy the freshness of this early opera. Its inequalities are obvious, but it abounds in great and inspired ideas.

Because of the sudden illness of Alexander Gibson the task of conducting fell on his deputy, William Reid, who carried the work through with most impressive skill. No one could ask him to make adequate singing superlative, or to give competent playing the resonance and bravura that would do justice to the marvellous orchestral writing in this opera; but as the evening went on he drew more and more life from both stage and orchestra, and the last act, beginning with a chorus of ear-splitting gusto, was most exciting.

Of the principal characters, David Ward made a sympathetic impression as the Dutchman, too sympathetic perhaps, because his portrayal lacked the strangeness and intensity that should cast a spell over the entire opera. These qualities may come with further experience, for he is clearly an intelligent singer; but Elisabeth Fretwell's Senta, though admirable in some of the dramatic climaxes, seems at present too far removed from the vocal and imaginative requirements of the part to give promise of succeeding in the same way. William McAlpine's Erik, on the other hand, was beautifully sung.

WILLIAM GLOCK

More Fact, Please!

ONE deplorable aspect of post-war filming has been the virtual disappearance of the news story. Such regular items as *The March of Time* and *This Modern Age* – whatever might be complained, especially in the case of the first, about their staging of events – did provide the grit of fact we so badly need, an awareness of current events, of social problems. We could check gangster films against the cold facts, slip for ten minutes behind ballyhoo, experience the realities of whale-fishing or electioneering. What an opportunity for the long-term news story today – space missiles, race conflict, disarmament conferences, the beat generation, profiles of Krushchev, Dulles, Nasser! All we have, in what is too often a waste of fiction, is the newsreel in its final decline, the odd documentary lucky to get a limited showing.

By far the most interesting film recently has been *Blitzkrieg* (Rialto) which brings from Western Germany a newsreel account of the last war, mainly on the Eastern front. It is thus a record of defeat, and let me add a grimly impressive one, with the splendid machine setting off in sunshine and smiles, and coming back, snows later, broken, maimed, bitter, to fight the last, hopeless battle for Berlin. It gives the counterpart to Russian films of the war – Stalingrad attacked instead of defended, the ring round Moscow, the incredible bungling in the Ukraine and Paulus's sacrifice of his army – but there is no vestige of a cause and we know that victory will never be theirs. All the blame, of course, is put on Hitler, who wouldn't even prepare for the first winter, and compelled Paulus's encirclement; but never throughout the film is there one word to suggest that Hitler was wrong to start war, only that he failed to find victory. One can understand why this film has not been shown in East Germany. In its clenched way it breathes *Götterdämmerung*; it would like to shout loud but daren't. It is as near as can be got to recognition of failure, and at least this is war, and not what, in our victory films, passes as such.

An example of what I was lamenting in my first paragraph is provided by the British film *Behind the Mask* (Leicester Square), which apparently sets out to depict the conflict between new and old in hospital management. The old preserves human contacts together with some inefficiency and feudalism; the new would turn hospitals into laboratories and patients into guinea-pigs. Unfortunately this struggle is quite lost in the dim raptures of old-fashioned novelese, with a young surgeon marrying the boss's daughter and careers sacrificed and regained in a moment. Although this film admits us to two operations, one a heart case and the other an injured spleen, we never really get the feel of reality and come to suspect every detail. This is because producer and director have bowed to the claims of fiction rather than fact. That first-rate actor, Michael Redgrave, gives here only a doll-like performance as the champion of the old school. And the notable thing is that the producer is Mr Sergei Nolbandov, once the animating spirit of *This Modern Age*. Approaching this subject realistically he would, one may be sure, have achieved a striking film; urged to the market for popular features, he has produced a muddled, unconvincing piece that compares badly with, for example, TV's *Emergency – Ward 10*.

Virgin Island (New Victoria) also registers the step from fact to fiction – more successfully. The director, Pat Jackson, was schooled in war documentary; the story comes, we are told, from life. It is the fairy-tale autobiography of a couple who chuck everything to buy an 8-acre Caribbean isle. They get married, put an awning over a great brass bed, build a house, have a baby, defeat a mother-in-law, smuggle champagne and are found out, and even get out of that. This is a rather charming comedy with the usual Anglo-American alliance well represented by Virginia Maskell and John Cassavetes.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Man Beneath the Mitre

THOUGH I have written twice recently of the television of great public ceremonies – which are, after all, the supreme test of outside broadcasting – I cannot omit to mention the Coronation of the Pope. This 4½-hour-long function was Eurovision's greatest triumph: fourteen cameras were used, and, magnificent as the ceremonies were, the peculiar virtue of television – its intimacy – was enhanced rather than dimmed. I was in St Peter's, well-placed, for the last Pope's Coronation: this week, sitting in London, I had a far closer view of the service in all its parts.

Moreover, several of the cameras 'roved' most effectively, showing us not only Bernini's great theatrical setting and the immense size of the famous 'barley-sugar' pillars (which one can never appreciate when the basilica is empty), but also much human detail in revealing close-up: the tribunes packed with white-tied diplomats and politicians and their wives, chatting and smiling as at any other show, an elderly Latin dignitary scratching his face and licking his lips during the Gospel in Greek, the passionate energy with which its conductor led the choir through the polyphony of Palestrina, the strongly charismatic personality of the new Pope himself.

This was perhaps the most interesting aspect of the function, and the way in which it contrasted most markedly with a British royal function – the State opening of Parliament, say, or even the Queen's Coronation. You might expect a stout man of 77, weighed down by an enormous mitre and 60 lb. of stiff vestments, performing an elaborate series of antique ceremonies beneath the hot and dazzling lights now necessary, carried aloft in a mobile throne with ostrich-feather fans waving on either side of him – you might expect him to behave with the most extreme formality, to seem a richly decked puppet or hieratic figurehead rather than a human being. But (partly, I suppose, just because he is an absolute sovereign, who can act *motu proprio*) the Pope does not have to assume the withdrawn, impersonal air appropriate in a constitutional monarch; and it must have been evident to millions of viewers (including many people in Rome who did not bother to go to the *piazza* on a wet day) that Pope John XXIII has a warm, vigorous and amiable temperament. The man shone through the trappings. Again and again, for instance, he made the giving and receiving of homage seem more like a meeting of old friends, leaning forward in his seat to embrace one dignitary after another, smiling broadly, and not merely extending his hand for the kiss of obeisance but shaking hands quite heartily with some. This

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personal quality made even more telling the dramatic interruptions of the *Sic transit gloria mundi*, with the burning flax (a ceremony that might edifyingly be adapted for secular use when new governments take office).

In one minor respect only do our domestic arrangements for such momentous occasions seem preferable to those made by the Italian television authorities. When the Queen opened Parliament last week, the BBC had hidden the microphones: they were built into the throne and gilded. In St Peter's, there was no such concealment: the mikes were carried nonchalantly about and held in front of the Pope and others taking part. But this could be regarded as Latin realism; and we are so used nowadays to the ubiquitous mike that most of us don't notice it.

TOM DRIBERG

Art Shows

Beaux Arts: Paintings by Phil Reason reveal a student of real promise, not afraid of being eclectic but wary of merely copying mannerisms. A small Matisse-like nude is beautifully organised. Question – as with all young artists today – where will his own themes come from? Also new paintings by Frank Auerbach. His theme is his own integrity, measured by the thickness of paint as he re-paints and re-paints the same head on the same canvas. The theme is inadequate. The integrity is certain.

Zwemmer's: New paintings by Derek Greaves. Nostalgic and evocative. Subjects: lovers, landscapes, mothers and children. They represent a search for elusive meanings: a kind of dance round their themes, which remain unstated.

Rowland, Browse and Delbanco: German sculptor, Heiliger, worth comparing with Fritz Cremer of the DDR exhibition. Roughly equivalent talents, but Heiliger seduced by formalism – the playing of Patience with cliches: most of the games come out.

Shows worth more than notes: Johanan Simon at the O'Hana Gallery and Merlyn Evans at the Leicester.

JOHN BERGER

Correspondence

THE TESTAMENT OF DR ZHIVAGO

SIR,—It is a pity that the NEW STATESMAN should adopt the tone of voice common among literary cold-warriors. There are many people in the USSR who feel as keenly as we do about the suppression of books and the persecution of authors – more keenly indeed, for it bites more nigh. It is no help to them if we fall into just the attitudes that their antagonists have predicted that western intellectuals always will. It is more useful to look for a mote in one's own eye. Can we honestly say that the Cold War had no influence whatever on the choice of Pasternak for a Nobel Prize? Can we honestly say that no one will use his book as material for anti-Soviet propaganda? Those who exploit the affair for political ends, and are therefore better pleased the worse it gets, are dangerous enemies to Pasternak, and to the cause of liberalisation within the USSR, which you, sir, have so much at heart.

JOAN ROBINSON

Cambridge

SIR,—Anyone who reads Pasternak's novel with the idea of gaining support for anti-Soviet opinion will have a surprise. It is a story of the moral decay of a well-meaning man who was unequal to the constructive tasks of his time, and could therefore have been hailed by the Russians as exemplifying their accepted revolutionary ideas. The author has met the situation with patriotic dignity—was the fuss within Russia perhaps explained by the Secretary of the Swedish Academy when he informed us in a BBC broadcast that the instigator of the attack was a known enemy of Pasternak? In that case what are we to think of the 'unanimous' opinion of the 800 Russian literary men who were herded into a mob for the occasion?

RUTLAND BOUGHTON

Kilcot, Newent

THE AD-MAN'S ANSWER

SIR,—What is so significant about the Tories' highly successful incursion into the techniques of mass persuasion is not that they have turned Macmillan into this year's political beefcake champ; but that, by default, the leaders of the Labour Party have allowed themselves to become faceless men. The Tories' 'party image'—bogus though it is—is compounded of panache, suavity, action and dash. The Labour Party has no 'image'. It conjures up nothing in the public mind except where Socialists have allowed it to be represented as pettily restrictionist. The Parliamentary Labour Party's preoccupation with the use of cars at elections is a prime example. The car today is everybody's tool and many working men's joy and pride. Labour's pettifogging objections are just so much more fodder for the bright lads of Abbey House to portray our party as a collection of fusty fuddy-duddies, out of touch with modern living. A small point, but one which makes me wonder whether the Labour Party has ever really understood that, on any level of public relations, nothing succeeds like success and nothing expands like expansionism.

You call for mass education to fight mass persuasion. To me as a practising ad-man, it is never easy to see where the two separate. The abuse of mass persuasion has developed naturally from the severe cultural shortcomings of mass education. Ad-mass has grown on ed-mass. But that does not entitle any Socialist to adopt the superior attitude to advertising implied by your neat-sounding injunction to 'treat the voter as a citizen and not as a consumer'. There is nothing fundamentally wrong in crying one's wares. It is what you and I are both in business for. But it is immoral—and in the long run unsuccessful—only when the goods or notions you have to sell are themselves shoddy. That is where we can unstick the Tories.

In your article 'The Answer to the Ad-man', you formulate a worth-while campaigning policy: expansion based on economic stability. But can you imagine Labour's present publicity methods investing it with the fire and drive it needs to give a working majority in the Commons? We in the Labour Party cannot afford to ignore the techniques of advertising and public relations. We must have an exciting product image. We must develop clearly and persuasively our sales points and package the goods in a way that demands attention and compels allegiance. This will probably sound like heresy to hard-working constituency members in dreary back-street committee rooms; but we have had far too much small-time thinking about the presentation of Labour's policies.

Heaven knows there are still big issues left to fight about. We still have to protect the children of the poor and put down the social bandit here and throughout the world. It is a battle which we should be fighting on the grand scale and raise merry hell about. Yet we are losing to the party of privilege and

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complacent imperialism. It would seem that we have become so afraid of rocking the boat that we have forgotten how to row.

SOCIALIST AD-MAN

A SOCIETY FOR PEOPLE

SIR,—No one could have guessed, from the correspondence which followed Mr Townsend's splendid article, with what enthusiasm it has been received privately—and not only by disillusioned Socialists.

Those of us who are in constant contact with poor and unfortunate people are perhaps best able to appreciate the truth of Mr Townsend's exposition of Welfare State shortcomings and the courage of his comments on the 'minimum' attitude of so many social servants. I should like to send a copy of his article to all those who have told me that wretched food in welfare institutions is 'adequate'; that lack of privacy is no great hardship; that I must not expect for 'those people' conditions which I would expect for myself. I should have to exclude my particular dislikes—those who, when confronted with a family in urgent need of help, instantly set about hunting for past misdemeanours which might excuse inaction. The postage would ruin me.

No article on the social set-up can hope to be comprehensive. I missed in this one a protest against the deadly mixture of politics with welfare. Far too often party loyalties keep lips sealed; and in what looks like an objective attack on an injustice one can hear the busy grinding of political axes. The thing has reached such a pitch of absurdity that if, for instance, one criticises the LCC one is automatically taken for a Tory, and if one attacks the Rent Act one must be Labour. It is no longer possible simply to be an Underdogger; and since the underdog is thereby the loser, this is one of the innumerable causes left to fight for.

AUDREY HARVEY

14 The Mount
NW3

NHS AND FAMILY PLANNING

SIR,—I heartily agree with Lena Jeger in all she writes about the need of abortion law reform, but may I comment briefly on her reference to the National Health Service not being able to grant funds for family planning?

In fact, in a small way, the Health Service does provide for it on medical grounds. In 1929 the then Labour Minister of Health, Arthur Greenwood, gave permission to local authorities to give birth control information in welfare centres, which until that time had been strictly forbidden. Certainly private clinics specialise only in this work, but they are costly, and it is a pity more Labour women on municipal councils do not make it their work to get more local authorities to supply this service, where the premises and staff are provided and in Labour boroughs where there is less opportunity to get funds to provide a private clinic. I know, because I went on a borough council for several years especially to get a clinic established. It has been run successfully since 1936.

F. LASKI

5 Addison Bridge Place
W14

UNIVERSITY WASTAGE

SIR,—I don't consider the relatively high university wastage is so surprising when you consider the great changes from school to university, especially for those going straight up from school. These changes can be most unsettling and can easily account for some people failing their first exam—which can be as little as eight months after going up.

For most people the strain starts in the fifth form and continues for 3-4 years until the end of the sixth form. Looking back it is easy to minimise the amount of work which had to be done, but if you are after a university place it is hard grind all the way—for number of actual hours worked and degree of constant intensity it is harder than anything at univer-

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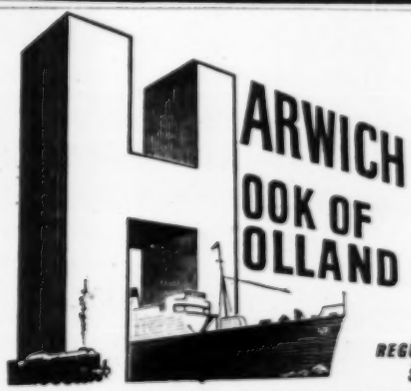

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sity. For example: to do scholarship applied maths you may have to go from scratch to S-level in two years. Thus it is not in the least surprising that many students get to university absolutely tired out.

At school things were, rightly or wrongly, made interesting and one resented the teacher who made things dull. At Cambridge I found lectures amazingly boring. Most lecturers lectured from their own books and it was better to read the books than go to the cold barns to hear them read out. But lectures were not considered important—my tutor once advised me not to go to more than three a week. It was so easy to feel aimless—at home the pressure of work made one live like a hermit—at university one had to learn to cope with landladies, etc.; trivial, agreed, but still another cause of unrest leading to failure.

At school getting to university was an end in itself. At university, unless reading for one of the obvious professions, one began to wonder where it was all leading to—there was little or no real advice about future careers nor was there any lack of unemployed graduates to tell dismal stories about the impossibilities of finding a job.

None of these points is an excuse, but I hope they may be an explanation of some of the failures and near-failures.

MARTIN TUCKER

3 Richmond Wood Avenue
Bournemouth

ROME GOES LEFT

SIR,—May I be permitted to refute a point made by Paul Johnson in his article 'Rome Goes Left'? He states that there is a possibility that the hierarchies of Asia and Africa will prevail upon the new Pope to bring about a change in the teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to artificial methods of birth control. Such a change is in fact impossible, because the teaching of the Church on this subject is based on Natural Law which is itself unalterable; hence, no Pope can ever alter such teaching. Such a mistake on Mr Johnson's part makes one wonder if his other facts are to be taken literally.

PHILIP KINGSTON

27 Westbourne Park Road
W2

[Paul Johnson writes: The term 'natural law' is an ambiguous phrase and its application in specific cases is constantly under revision. In one of his last public statements, Pius XII sanctioned the use of pain-killing drugs in the terminal stages of a disease even if they accelerated death; a proposition which, at one time, would certainly have been argued as contrary to natural law. In the case of birth-control, the position of the Roman Catholic Church has changed considerably in the past few decades. In the 1929 edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Cardinal Bourne contributed a special section on the subject. 'Birth prevention,' he wrote, 'is wrong . . . because sexual pleasure is gratified in a manner which frustrates the natural purpose of the action'. There is no mention whatever of 'natural' contraception, and continence is specifically cited as the only legitimate means of controlling birth. The inference of his remarks is plainly that procreation is the *sole* natural purpose of sexual intercourse. Since he wrote, the Church has specifically and repeatedly sanctioned the use of 'natural' contraception and even artificial instruments whose purpose is to facilitate it. What is more, Pius XII, in referring to this method, allowed that sexual pleasure was a positive and, therefore, legitimate element in a happy marriage, implying that procreation was not the sole purpose of sexual intercourse. Once this is conceded, I submit that the type of contraception employed ceases to be a principle and becomes merely a detail.—ED., *NS*.]

SIR,—Mr Paul Johnson must have a pretty poor opinion of the intelligence and the taste of the readers of the NEW STATESMAN. Or does he honestly hope to persuade them that, in his account of the recent Conclave, he has given anything like an authentic picture? Doubtless he has reported much of the gossip he picked up in Roman *trattorie* and elsewhere, but there is little evidence that he has made a serious effort to obtain official information. Where he is not merely discourteous he is either inconsistent or completely unreliable.

His guess about what happened inside the Sistine Chapel is, of course, as good (or as bad) as anybody else's. But it is a pity that he shows so complete a lack of understanding of what Cardinals are really like, or in what kind of spirit they approach their tasks. His remarks about the lack of amenities in the Vatican buildings might have been balanced by a word of appreciation of the devotion of these elderly men who, at such cost to themselves, saw it as their duty to submit to the rigours of a long absence from home, in order to elect, in conditions of such discomfort, the man whom they believe to be the Vicar of Christ. This is a pivotal truth.

As for inconsistencies, two examples will suffice. Can Mr Johnson explain why only three ballots were necessary in 1939, when as he says there were 30 'compromise candidates', whilst in 1958, with only one 'neutral candidate', 11 scrutinies were necessary to elect him. And again, *if* it is true that 'all six French Cardinals were bitterly opposed to the dogma of the Assumption' (how can he possibly know?), how many 'prelates from the east' will be required to 'compel the Vatican to abandon its opposition to artificial birth-control'? Mr Johnson really can't have it both ways.

Finally, may I be allowed to supply a little simple information about those mysterious 'German Jesuits' who are alleged to have disappeared after committing an act that was, at best, grossly dishonourable. Their names are as follows: Fr Bea, of the Biblical Institute, Fr Leiber and Fr Gundlach of the Gregorian University, and Fr Hentrich of 5 Borgo Santo Spirito. They have been there all the time, and simply went to the Vatican or out to Castel Gandolfo as their duties required. Fr Bea acted as the Pope's confessor, the others were consulted by him on various technical matters, such as social teaching, or on German affairs.

As for the 'powerful Jesuits of Vatican Radio', if

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ever Mr Johnson goes back to Rome, I shall be delighted to introduce him to Fr Nolan, their Superior, or to Fr O'Donnell, who handles the broadcasts to the British Isles. Even he, I am sure, will be unable to find anything sinister about them. The fact is, of course, that the *truth* about Jesuits is rarely interesting and practically never sensational, as Mr Johnson, having been educated by them, knows perfectly well.

T. CORBISHLEY SJ

114 Mount St, W1

ÜBER ALLIES?

SIR,—Maurice Richardson's Diary paragraph on 25 October about Freud's theory of the 'significant misprint' based on the agency story that the German President was greeted with the strains of 'Deutschland, Deutschland über Allies' was both topical and funny. But besides this misprint, there is also another misunderstanding seemingly widely supported by the British press. The words of the German anthem are no longer 'Deutschland über Alles', but are (please forgive this somewhat imperfect translation): 'Unity and Right and Freedom for our German country. For this let us strive in brotherly fashion with heart and hand, etc.' Furthermore the song was declared the national anthem neither in the time of the Kaiser nor by Hitler, as it is widely believed, but at the time of the democratic and Socialist president Ebert after World War I. The song is written by Haffman von Fallersleben and composed by Haydn. To understand it one must think back to the time of its origin. In the middle of the 19th century, when Germany consisted of about 30 independent states, the song with its often misunderstood first verse merely urged the German people to put the unity of their country 'über alles'.

After 1945 most people in Germany, and especially President Heuss, thought that the first verse was open to further misunderstanding, and people endeavoured to find another anthem. So it is rather comical that the wrong words were quoted.

GABRIEL GRAF HOENSBROECH

THE DUMB COLOSSUS

SIR,—May I, as the author of the life of Kitchener referred to by Mr Lyon Blease and reviewed so generously (as far as I was concerned) by Mr Paul Johnson, say a word about Omdurman and Paardeburg? I cannot see how it is possible to question Mr Johnson's estimate of Kitchener's handling of either battle. At Omdurman, Kitchener's tactics were brilliantly justified by results, and he was in no way to blame for the small amount of trouble into which Macdonald stumbled for a short time before the enemy was destroyed. At Paardeburg, on the other hand, Kitchener incurred unnecessary casualties by launching with inadequate tactical preparation an attack which failed. For Cronje's destruction in battle more time for reconnaissance was needed; and the event proved that the enemy could have been shelled and starved into surrender.

PHILIP MAGNUS

Stokesay Court
Onibury, Shropshire

THE PINK 'UN

SIR,—In his review of Roy Jenkins' life of Dilke, my friend John Strachey has got both his colours and his papers a bit mixed. The *Pink 'Un* was not *The Referee* but *The Sporting Times*, a bawdy sheet printed on pink paper and full of bar-room jokes, yet which was a whole sight cleaner than a couple of our present Sunday papers that I could mention.

The Referee was printed on yellow paper and was always called *The Referee*.

And is it the case that the *Pink 'Un* published the famous cartoon of Dilke's bed? Fleet Street legend has it that the cartoon was by Carruthers Gould and appeared in the *Green 'Un*, which was the *Westminster Gazette* in the heyday of its life as a Liberal evening paper.

LESLIE PLUMMER

House of Commons

SALOMON SYMPHONIES

SIR,—In his review of the Beecham recordings of Haydn's first set of Salomon symphonies, Mr Glock has made several references to Robbins Landon's book and Haydn's original text. One of these is founded on an error, viz. the complaint about the trio of No. 96.

There are, in fact, two different versions of the trumpet and kettledrum parts of this symphony, both of which are printed in the Eulenburg miniature score. As Robbins Landon has shown (*op. cit.*), it is the version given in *small* type in the score which is genuine, and all the passages in square brackets (which include the whole of the trio) are spurious. Sir Thomas Beecham was, therefore, justified in leaving out the trumpet solo mentioned in the review.

Whether there is any use in Mr Glock's recommending the original text of an 18th-century composer to the arranger of Handel's *Solomon* is another question.

RALPH LEAVIS

Lincoln College
Oxford

A FREUDIAN LAPSE?

SIR,—Must we blame your proof reader or Maurice Richardson for a misquotation of Shakespeare which occurred in the London Diary last week? Thus Lear is made to exclaim: 'Hysterica passio—down thou climbing mother!' In the actual text of the tragedy the last sentence reads: 'Down thou climbing *sorrow*!'

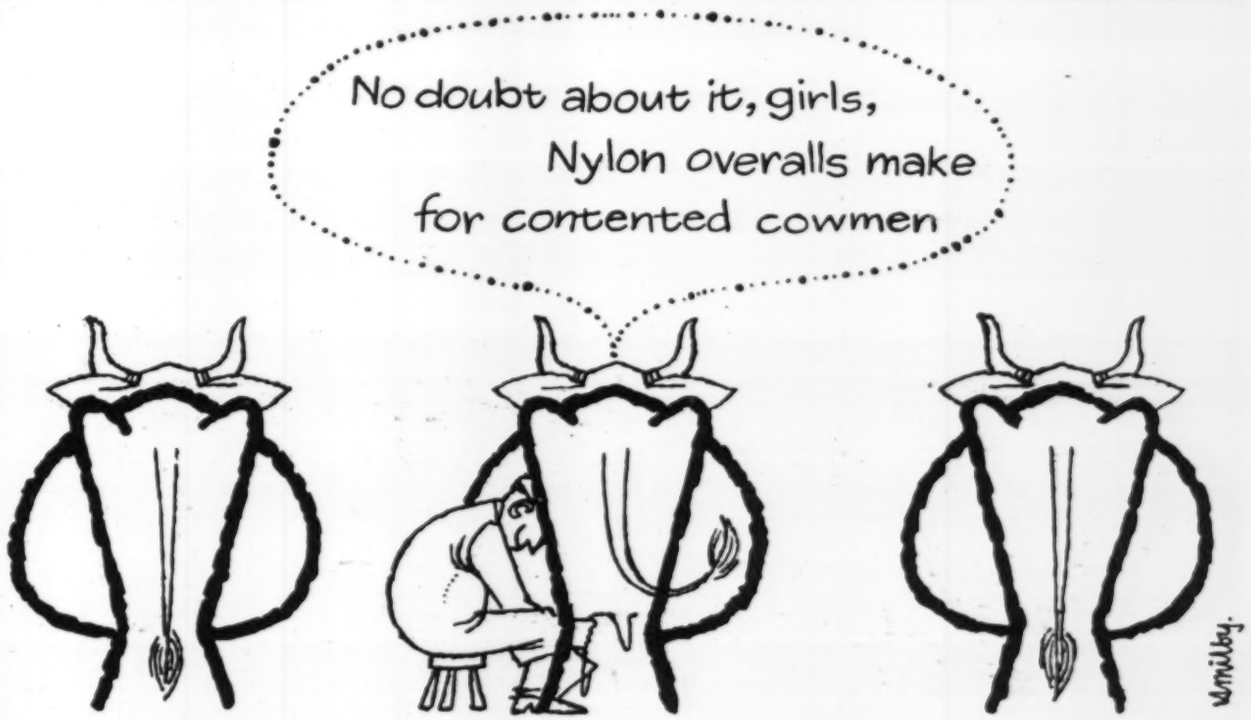
E. J. HARRISON

19 Mornington Avenue
West Kensington, W14

[Maurice Richardson writes: I must apologise for the misquotation—doubtless significant. The unconscious was trying to condense Shakespeare's two lines

O! how this mother swells up toward my heart;
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!

—ED., *NS.*]



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Sport in the Modern World

TOWARDS the end of the 1921 summer term, an Oxford undergraduate, Roger Wethered, casually decided to enter for the Open golf championship at St Andrews. He was out of practice because he had spent most of the term playing cricket – one of the reasons why he decided to go to St Andrews at all was that the Open fitted in with a cricket tour in Scotland which had already been planned. After he had played through the earlier rounds competently but not spectacularly, his thoughts returned to cricket and he asked the stewards to let him play his last round earlier than planned, so that he could get away for the tour's first match the following day. But that last round was one of the most amazing ever played at St Andrews. It included five successive threes and gave him a tie with the American professional, Jock Hutchison, so that he had to forgo his cricket in favour of a play-off. He would have won outright, against all the leading golfers in the world, if he had taken a little more trouble. But he lost one stroke for certain by treading on his ball and another, probably, by failing to notice that, despite that year's drought, there was a damp patch near the edge of the 18th green which robbed his approach shot of the run-up he had expected.

Wethered's virtuoso performance, exhilarating as it was at the time, has in retrospect an even greater fascination. It now seems to have been the last great flare-up of a sporting era which even then was dying. For a century or more sport had been organised to suit the interest of a comparatively leisured, comparatively wealthy class. Even at village green level, the gentry predominated. They lent the grounds, provided the equipment, composed most of the teams. People other than gentry, of course, did play. In one famous village match, after the teams had lunched exceptionally well, one member felt wholly unequal to the task of fielding in the sun, so the butler from the Hall was co-opted in his stead. The butler, alone among all the players, had had nothing to drink; and he bowled out the batting side for a total of one – a bye, the only ball in the innings which went through to the wicket-keeper. But as often as not, ordinary people got a game only in the earlier part of the season, before the sons of the squire or the vicar came home from school. The same was true at the higher levels of sport. There *were* professionals, drawn from the working class; and by the turn of the century, professionals in some sports, such as football and cricket, were in the majority. But, especially in cricket, they were still looked on as appendages, useful, as it were, to roll the pitch before the game and to make up numbers so that the top-class amateur could get the game he wanted.

The relation between amateur and professional in those days was that of squire and villager, and has been epitomised by Neville Cardus, the greatest of all cricket writers, in the story of Billy Barnes, who turned up drunk at Lord's to play for Nottingham against Middlesex. His captain, to avoid the public scandal which would have followed his immediate dismissal from the ground, allowed him to bat and Barnes made a brilliant century. Inevitably he was hauled before the Nottingham committee and he replied to their condemnation as follows: 'Well, your lordships, Ah can only say Ah'm sorry, reight sorry, that Ah am. But beggin' your lordships' pardons, it strikes me as bein' like this, beggin' your lordships' pardons – if Ah can go down to Lord's and get drunk and mek a century 'fore lunch, then Ah thinks it ud pay t'Notts Committee to get mi drunk afore every match, – beggin' your lordships' pardons, of course'.

In administration as well as in playing, the amateur was supreme. The controlling bodies of sport were drawn exclusively from the leisured class. The rules they made were based on leisured class requirements and leisured class attitudes – notably in Rugby Union where the rigidity of the amateur rule eventually led in 1895 to the Northern Union break-away of clubs who wanted to pay for broken time. Sport was something to be played; and spectators were merely incidentals, tolerated but not particularly catered for. Sport was a relaxation into which money, except from private means, entered so little that gates were hardly considered. Even after the first world war, the University Rugby match was still played at Queen's Club which held, at best, 15,000 spectators compared with the 40,000 or 50,000 who clamoured to see it. And payment from sport was so little the thing that, when the Open golf championship was first played in 1861, there were no prizes at all, not even for the professionals. Sport, too, was for pleasure, not prowess. To be coached, to train rigorously, even to practise in the nets was not quite gentlemanly. In such a world it was still possible, as late as 1921, for someone who did not concentrate on his game, and had not bothered with it at all for months, to have his entry accepted for the Open golf championship and then to come within a stroke of winning it against the world.

But even then such a performance was a freak, for the days when the dilettante, wholly amateur player could be supreme had already been overgrown by the development of highly organised and large-scale professionalism. In the latter stages of the 19th century, and most noticeably in football, such dominating amateur clubs as the Old Carthusians, the Corinthians and the Royal Engineers began to find themselves challenged by hitherto unheard of professional clubs such as Darwen, Accrington Stanley and Blackburn Rovers. Professionalism was born out of economic need. Many men who were in work, but who also wanted to play football, could not do so, either because they worked a six-day week and football on Sundays was barred, or because they could not afford the loss of one day's wages even if they were allowed Saturday time off. And, of course, there were many others who could find no work at all and whose only hope of a livelihood was to be paid for their football skill. Mr Leslie Knighton, one of the more famous football managers, has described his first sight of one 'prospect', when in his young days he was himself manager of Castleford in Yorkshire. 'He was', said Knighton, 'white-faced, waif-like, scared, slumped over a table, with his worn-out little wife on the other side. . . . They were literally starving and almost too weak to move. They had walked from Merthyr Tydfil to Castleford' – on the off-chance of getting a football job at 10s. a week.

More and more there was pressure for broken-time payment and for full professionalism in sport, and the only thing which prevented a more rapid growth was that as yet there were not the vast crowds of spectators able and willing to pour money into sport through the turnstiles. Mr Knighton again describes an experience of the Football League team of Darwen shortly after the turn of the century. The players set off one Saturday morning from Lancashire in pouring rain. They arrived in Birmingham, still in the rain and without food, just before the kick-off. In rain and mud they battled to a draw and came off the field soaked and famished. But the club officials could not afford to buy them a meal; and, as the players themselves had not been paid for six weeks, they had to go back to Darwen still unfed – except for three who managed to scrape together tenpence for some fish and chips.

The watching habit grew, however, and with it the amount of money available to games and sports. More and more men could afford to devote themselves full time to a sport, because they were paid for it; and, devoting themselves full time, they became more expert than the casual amateur. Hence, in the upper reaches of sport, where hitherto the amateur player had dominated and the professional had tagged along, the paid professional began to dominate and the amateur could compete with him at all only if he still had a private income or a convenient job which allowed him to play full time.

But despite the change from what was predominantly a pleasant amusement for amateurs into what was predominantly commercial and professional, nearly all sports continued to be governed by bodies which had been established in the old days and which, for the most part, were manned by people who wanted to impose the rules, standards and attitudes of that old world upon the new. Even before the last war, the contrast between the ideas of those who controlled sport and the facts of the sporting world caused considerable stress, and today these

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stresses, at least in some sports, are showing signs of developing into open revolt.

The last war and the years which followed it saw a considerable social and economic revolution in Britain. There has been full employment, leading to higher earnings and a greater sense of security, there has been an increase in the school leaving age and the introduction of the five-day week, the one tending to increase the taste for interests outside work and the other giving an opportunity to indulge them; there has been a considerable equalisation of incomes and some loosening of the class structure. These changes have profoundly affected the world of sport, just as they have affected other aspects of life in Britain. But, so far, few of those who control sport in this country have adapted themselves to the changes. In such matters as amateur status, the position of the professional, the relations of the practising athlete to the sporting administrator, even sometimes in the way sport is provided for the spectator, many sporting bodies are still in a world that began to die some 50 years ago.

To begin with the amateur. Taxation has made it less easy for him to rely on unearned income. Generally speaking today, unless he can find a convenient employer who will subsidise him or unless, in one way or another, he can make money out of his sport, he cannot afford to play full summers in county cricket, let alone make winter tours as well; or to devote five years to concentrated running or lawn tennis. But unless he does concentrate, he cannot hope to reach the high standards now demanded in top-class sport. Some sports have recognised this. Cricket clubs now employ famous amateurs like Trevor Bailey as their paid secretaries, and the MCC has so relaxed its rules about expenses and writing and broadcasting on cricket that some amateurs are able to earn as much from the game as a professional. Even England's captain, Peter May, has found it advisable to turn himself into a limited company to deal with his cricket earnings.

Rules, however, vary from sport to sport. In lawn tennis an amateur may not coach in his game for pay or receive any money from advertisements. He may receive only out-of-pocket expenses and may write articles or broadcast only provided he is not dealing with a tournament in which he is himself playing. But even this rule is in doubt; for, last summer, when the *Star* newspaper wanted to publish a series of articles, written by a member of its own staff, but centred round the play of Miss Christine Truman, the Lawn Tennis Association said that the articles would infringe Miss Truman's amateur status. So the *Star* had to describe Miss Truman as Miss X and had to put a white cross on her face, to hide her identity in the illustrations. The rules in athletics are even more rigid. The Amateur Athletic Association decrees that no amateur may coach for pay, write articles or broadcast (unless he can prove that he is a journalist by profession), or receive any money for advertising. As a result, one member of the British team in the Olympic Games at Melbourne, whose employers had refused to pay his salary while he was away, could not at times afford money for stamps on letters home to his wife.

Where such rules, framed for a bygone age, remain as rigid as this, they are broken and a breed is produced which, though nominally and in the eyes of governing associations still amateur, is in fact under-the-counter professional. In this matter, lawn tennis, where young men and women without visible means of support somehow manage to spend years touring the world in tournament play, has already excited comment; and athletics, hitherto less publicised, may soon become even more notorious. Top-line amateur tennis players do receive straight cash for appearing in tournaments. Some athletes do make a point of appearing at tournaments where they know the promoter will slip them a fee, and a few make as much as £1,000 a year by this process. All this is unsatisfactory. No athlete in any sport can give his best when he is worried about money, and many will be debarred by that fact alone from getting to the top. Others will simply break the rules – which may be bad for society, since rule-breaking is habit forming, and which is certainly bad for the athletes, since it tends to develop a cynical and purely materialistic approach to their sport.

The position of the professional has, by contrast, in some ways improved enormously. An ordinary county cricketer today can reckon basic earnings from his game of about £700 for his short season, compared with about £400 in 1939; and his opportunity for earnings from articles, advertising endorsements and sports-goods businesses has widened so much that he tends to look on his basic earnings from cricket as subsidiary. An average professional footballer can now expect about £1,100 a year in basic wages and bonus, compared with perhaps £450 in 1939. An average professional golfer will get some £3,000 a year, or three times pre-war, with a few top-line stars getting £7,000 or more. Further, there has been an improvement in the professional's status. Years ago, in cricket, there was sharp social distinction between an amateur and a professional. The amateur had a separate changing room, came on to the field by a separate gate and was referred to on the score card as Mr J. S. D. Smith – a professional was Smith (J). Both on and off the field the relation between amateur and professional was good-natured. They drank together at the bar, sometimes (though not always) stayed at the same hotel, shared jokes and at times shared the full comradeship of the game. But each understood and accepted the limits to this relation. Each knew his place.

This relation, in cricket and in other sports had begun to alter even in the inter-war years. Up till the Twenties no golf professional was allowed into the club house, even on a course where he was a star tournament competitor; and some clubs excluded not only a professional, but also a section of amateurs whose backgrounds and accents were not socially acceptable. These second-class citizens were housed in an inferior club-house of their own and were described as 'artisan' golfers. Such rigid barriers began to crumble under the impact of visiting Americans who knew little and cared less about the niceties of class distinction. The flamboyant Walter Hagen, with his suite at the Savoy and his hired Daimler, flatly declined to be housed in the servants' quarters; and, with Hagen in the club house, it became increasingly difficult to keep other professionals out. Perhaps the final breach was made by Henry Cotton. Hagen, at a pinch, could be passed off as a visiting eccentric, a card coming from a country which knew no better. But Cotton was English; he was an ex-public school boy; his manners and clothes were impeccable; his wife was rich. You could not treat a man like that as an inferior, even if he had turned professional. The club house doors were opened to Cotton and the flood poured in.

Since the war the process has gone further. Young professionals in any sport to-day are better educated than their fathers, and are usually at least as well educated as the amateurs. They are certainly as well off, are able to afford middle-class social backgrounds and tastes. Amateur and professional now meet on equal social terms.

All reformers are bachelors . . .

At any rate, that's what George Moore said. It isn't true, of course. A reforming zeal can hit any of us if only we are sufficiently aroused.

All kinds of people, for instance, support the anti-vivisection cause: Christians, Hindoos, Atheists; Tories, Socialists, Anarchists; Imperialists, Internationalists, Pacifists; Saints, Publicans, Sinners. And, inevitably, some bachelors.

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Even the artisan scheme has largely broken down, because doctors, retired officers and others affected by war-time relaxations in class rigidity, and now anxious to save a bob or two, have flooded artisan club-houses, often leaving the posh club-house to echoing emptiness or the black marketers. Club committees, watching their revenue drop, soon decided that they had better settle for one class of membership fee – and no class among the golfers.

But, in spite of the improvement in his pay and status, the professional in a number of sports still feels discontented. Though an ex-Cambridge Blue is on the paid playing staff of the Surrey County Cricket Club, though another ex-Cambridge Blue is now a professional umpire, though Sir Leonard Hutton captained England as a professional and there are professional captains of several county teams, though cricket is more intelligently governed than most sports, the control of it is still almost wholly in the hands of amateur-minded men; and some of them still hanker after the old days. Thus the Yorkshire committee have been and still are prepared to scrape the barrel for an amateur captain, even when that means the exclusion from the team of a more proficient professional. This attitude is no longer acceptable to men who feel that they are as good as their neighbour and is in part responsible for the recent Wardle explosion. Professionals now resent any suggestion that, because they are professionals, they are necessarily inferior to the amateurs. They resent, too, any bar which automatically prevents them from rising to the top in their chosen profession; and this resentment is producing a feeling of unsureness. Because of it, the present-day professional, for all his development in other ways, has probably less gusto, less full-bloodedness, less 'character', than his father who felt comfortable in the station of life to which it had pleased God to call him.

There are other professional grievances. In Association football, a player is bound by the maximum wage rule. However good he is, however effectively he draws the crowds, not even Stanley Matthews can receive a basic wage of more than £20 a week – even though his presence may put £1,000 on the gate at any match. Some stars resent this. Professionals want their branch of entertainment business to be treated like, say, the music hall, where the top of the bill is paid more than lesser lights.

Then there is the transfer system. A professional footballer signs a contract with a club for one year. At the end of that year, the club has no further obligation to the player under the old contract. But the player is still bound by it. If he dislikes the terms offered him in a new contract, he cannot move to another club to better himself, unless his old club gives permission; and normally the club will not give permission unless some other club agrees to pay a transfer fee, which may run into many thousands of pounds. So it can happen that a player, even after his contract is expired, can be held by his old club without wages and without a chance to continue in his chosen profession. The Players Union have tried to abolish this system and have even asked for help from the TUC. They say that no journalist, for example, could be held by an expired *News Chronicle* contract until the *Daily Mail* agreed to pay the *News Chronicle* £1,000 for his transfer. Why should footballers alone be so bound? In soccer, as in cricket, what was acceptable years ago now seems intolerable in this changed world. Playing professionals and amateurs now want to have some say in remedying their grievances – and indeed in running their sports. But they are still rigidly excluded from the administration. Even after their playing days, few ex-Soccer players become directors of a club; and the managers themselves tend now to be reduced to little more than baggage carriers by the small tradesmen who, for purposes of business or social influence, are edging themselves on to the boards.

But the position in football is not as tense as it is in athletics. There, the position has become so bad that during the last Olympic Games at Melbourne, the British team came within one vote of declaring a strike; and, since then, there have been the violent outbursts of such athletes as Derek Johnson. The rigidity of the amateur rules in athletics has already been mentioned; but its irksomeness is made worse by the fact that the amateur officials, who try to impose these rules on the athletes, do not always themselves accept the rules. Indeed, they cannot, for they too have been affected by the changing world and cannot afford to treat their administrative jobs as a full time, unpaid hobby. Hence some regularly receive money for writing and broadcasting; and there is a belief widespread among athletes that some amateur sporting authorities are able to pick up money out of sport in ways that are less reputable than these. Whether or not this belief is just, there is no doubt that the commercial-minded attitude of some officials, who are rigidly enforcing out-of-date amateur rules on the athletes themselves, is driving some athletes to almost, but not quite, speechless fury.

Nor is this all. Generally speaking, a man can reach the higher levels of athletics administration only after a long apprenticeship, first on a club committee, then on a county committee and, at last, on the Amateur Athletic Association. As a result it is rare for anyone to reach the eminence of the AAA until he is 50. Such men, the athletes say, tend to be out of touch with the ideas and needs of practising athletes and try to govern by rules and attitudes which were going out of date 30 years ago. Such men do not believe that the practising athlete or the paid coach can be trusted with responsibility – on occasions the captain of a team has not been appointed until the day before a meeting and even then has been allowed no say in, for example, the order in which a relay team should run. One member of the AAA has echoed Lord Hawke in saying that he would never consent to sit on a committee with a paid coach.

Probably most top-line practising athletes would like to see in their sport the same sort of amateur-professional relation which has grown up in the comparatively new sport of motor racing. There are found amateurs who drive entirely for fun, part-time professionals – one of the better known of these is a practising dentist – who draw occasional fees, and the full-time professional. Drivers switch from one class to another without restriction or social inhibition. Such a system would make possible the 'Open' tennis tournaments which most of us would now like to see; do away with under-the-counter payments, in tennis, athletics and amateur football; and diminish snobbery in all sports.

One sport where this would not be acceptable to present-day players is Rugby Union, which has a deep-rooted amateur tradition and where, since the war, full employment and higher earnings have greatly reduced whatever pressure towards professionalism there was. It is not only that established players, because they already have good jobs, are no longer so much tempted by offers from the Rugby League. At least as important is that working-class boys, having now learned Rugby at school, can afford the small expenses in subscriptions, laundry and pints of beer that membership of a Rugby club usually entails; and

such boys are especially welcomed in the smaller clubs, whose members usually have to build their pavilion or their grandstand themselves and need the help of men who may have some knowledge of carpentry, bricklaying and plumbing.

Most practising athletes, too, whether amateur or professional, would like to have a much greater say in the running of their own sports and the removal of any bars which prevent a professional from rising to the top of his game, either as a player or as an administrator. Again there is one outstanding exception – racing. Racing is still controlled by a few men of independent means who use their powers absolutely. These men can, and do, ruin owners, trainers and jockeys by decisions taken in private and against which there is no appeal. The system is still accepted, probably because of the great opportunities for corruption in racing: racegoers may feel that they have a better chance of a square deal from the traditional autocrats of the Jockey Club than from newcomers whose antecedents are unknown. They are, in fact, prepared to sacrifice justice for rectitude.

Where there is a real demand for a change, sustained pressure by the press in rousing public opinion can have considerable effect. But there is a case for saying that sport, because interest in it is so widespread, because it benefits the nation's health and because it is so much a part of the nation's pleasure, should therefore be a national concern; and I think that this argument should be met by the establishment, not of a Ministry of Sport – parliament is already sufficiently burdened – but perhaps by a Sports Council, on the lines of the Arts Council. Such a body could be composed mainly of laymen, appointed for a term by the government, but also of representatives of organised sports elected by those sports. It could receive an annual grant out of public funds to promote coaching schemes, for loans to construct sports grounds where the shortage is most acute, or to finance a part of the cost of sending representative national teams to, say, the Olympic Games.

Besides being a machine through which public money could be distributed to the sports in greatest need, such a Council could also be a forum, a parliament of sport, where sporting grievances and difficulties could be aired. Here, amateurs could bring their complaints about such rigidities as still exist in the amateur rules. Here professionals could bring their objections to the limits still sometimes imposed on their status or to the injustices still apparent in some of their contracts or to such recent incidents as the Football League's imposition of a life ban on a footballer without trial and without even a charge. Here both professional and amateur players could reveal their restiveness about out-of-date, out-of-touch organisation and administration in their sports wherever it still seems to exist. The Council, in fact, could become the place where the new elements evoked in sport by the changing world could face the old elements which developed in an earlier world and where laymen, looking not just at one sport but at the whole national sporting interest, could judge on the differences between them. And if the Council judged that in any sport the differences between new and old were so great and the need for change so important in the national interest, it could go some way to imposing its judgment not only by arousing public opinion but also by the threat of withholding public money.

Such proposals and indeed the greater part of this survey deal with first-class sport; and such sport has immense importance. It is important to the individual player who gets from it not only the unspeakable delight of such things as a perfect cover-drive at cricket, or a perfectly-timed pass at football, but also the deep satisfaction, the sense of personal dignity, which comes to a man when, by co-ordination of mind and body and the imposition of his will on both, he has achieved mastery of himself and, in one field at least, brought himself to perfection. Sport, indeed, is one of the few fields where a young man can reach the heights. Top-class sport is important, too, to lesser lights, as a stimulant to their own play, as a watching pleasure, even as a means of satisfying sub-conscious needs for group identification.

But at least as important is the sport of ordinary people who will never reach the top flight, and it is here that the greatest changes have taken place – changes which in our lifetime may make a new sporting revolution. In some sports, notably Soccer and athletics, more ordinary people are watching than ever before – and that despite windswept terraces, inadequate lavatory accommodation and all the other inconveniences of our grounds. It is probable that spectators would quickly come back to county cricket if the championship were arranged in two divisions and the matches confined to one a week – from Friday to Sunday, the days when men in full-time jobs have some leisure. But far more striking than the increase in spectators is the increase in most sports in the number of players.

Because local authorities are no longer content with iron-railed asphalt yards for their school playgrounds, school boys and girls have much greater opportunity for playing games than they used to have and the development of municipal playing fields, tennis courts and athletic tracks now gives them a better chance to develop the tastes acquired at school. TV, too, gives them a greater chance to see first-class athletes in action and so still further stimulate their interest. Athletics in particular seems to have benefited from television and has ceased to be mainly a public school and university activity. Whereas before the war 50 per cent of British athletic teams came from either Oxford or Cambridge, the proportion is now down to about five per cent.

The boom in Rugger-playing has been helped by other factors besides television – the ill manners, for example, shown by some professional Soccer teams which have put some headmasters off that game, and the fact that 30 boys can play Rugger on the same space needed for only 22 in Soccer. The result is that, of the 957 grammar schools in England and Wales, 26 have changed over wholly from Soccer to Rugger since the war and 74 have added Rugger to Soccer; whereas only four have added Soccer to Rugby, and only one has changed from Rugby to Soccer. Rugby is very much a players' game and the increased interest in it has meant that some London clubs, which previously ran only three teams, are now running as many as 15.

But, despite all the increased facilities, there is still tremendous pressure on the older sports, and people who now want to play them, but cannot find openings, are turning elsewhere. Partly because of this and partly because of the stimulus of television, show jumping, scarcely known before the war, has become a national sport. Climbing, too, has soared in popularity – some 25,000 young men and women leave Sheffield every week-end to climb in the Peak district, compared with only a few thousand before the war; and in sailing, which used to be mainly a rich man's preserve, there are now hundreds of clubs whose members pay small subscriptions and make and maintain their own boats. There is, indeed, a real and growing enthusiasm for doing things oneself rather than watching – especially so since it is possible to watch spectator-sport on television, often enough on telerecordings shown at night, in far greater comfort than the terraces can offer. There will, of course, always be active watchers, people who like to *share* the delight of partisanship, who feel fulfilment in the sense of community which a sporting crowd brings. But in the new generation there is a greater desire to play than there is to watch and this may well have profound effects.

Although crowds still flock to professional football, to athletic meetings, to test matches, although on the face of it the commercial-professional-spectator era of sport seems to be at its peak, that era may be passing as surely as the amateur era was passing when Wethered played that famous round in 1921. It may be that the crowds of spectators will diminish and that, though there will still be first-class athletes, still striving at no less than perfection, the number of clubs catering for them will diminish too. In their place I expect that more and more clubs in an ever-increasing variety of sports will spring up for ordinary people who want just to play – and to have fun while they are doing it. It may be, too, that the revolution will in some ways swing back to a new amateur era of town and village Wetthereds, without Wethered's skill, maybe, but with much of his approach to games. We may, indeed, go further back to a breed of sportsmen like the Sussex farmer of the 18th century who 'last Monday . . . was at Mr Payn's and plaid at cricket and came home pleased anuf, for he struck the best ball in the game and whished he had not anny thing else to do, he wuld play cricket all his life'.

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Field-Marshal

So Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein has been ushered into the Hall of the Immortals. The customary ritual has been observed. Lord Kemsley trumpets him as Herald, and Messrs Collins escort him as Ushers in Ordinary: positions they hold by prescriptive rights since time immemorial. The Ordeal (sometimes irreverently known as 'the treatment') lasts some six weeks. During that period every word uttered by the Postulant is taken down and repeated in tones subtly blending awe and derision. He is fed to satiety, by the Legislature, the Fellows of All Souls, the Livery Companies, and Miss Christina Foyle. He is offered Presidencies galore, and seats on innumerable Boards. Good men beset him whose causes need a patron, and bad men whose machinations need a front. Finally he is allowed to stumble exhausted into the shadows of private life, and the British people, with its innate sagacity, will have stripped one more great man of all power to help or harm the State.

To the Field-Marshal The Ordeal, involving as it does a microscopic examination of his past, his beliefs and his way of life, is perhaps not entirely unwelcome. He is a cheerful and unashamed exhibitionist, and he confesses it throughout these *Memoirs** with disarming frankness. 'It is a strange experience to find oneself famous', he recalls of the time of El Alamein, 'and it would be ridiculous to deny that it was rather fun'. It has gone on being fun; and the open gusto with which the Field-Marshal enjoys the limelight is likely to soften all but the most callous of hearts. It is a quality which his own colleagues have always openly disliked. Such a man is not easy to live and work with, and the small, clubbable Regular Army found him jagged and indigestible. But for the huge mass of civilians who glumly donned battledress between 1939 and 1945 such characteristics in a commander were exactly what was wanted, and the Field-Marshal knew it very well. 'It seemed to me', he writes,

> that to command such men needed not only a guiding mind but a point of focus: or to put it another way, not only a master but a mascot. And I deliberately set about fulfilling the second requirement. . . But I readily admit that the occasion to become the necessary focus of their attention was also personally enjoyable.

Happy the man who can thus make his weakness a source of strength! For the Field-Marshal was quite right. His predecessors, whatever their military excellence, had been shadowy figures dimly visible behind shadowy abstractions: 'Brigade', 'Division', 'Corps'. They were, collectively, The Top Brass. But the men under Montgomery's command knew that they were not merely receiving orders from 'Army': they belonged to *an army* in the good – or bad – old-fashioned sense of the word. He was less popular in the Eighth Army than is sometimes believed. The men despised his showmanship, and the officers found in the gentle, competent Alexander a man more after their hearts. But everyone knew that Montgomery was there; and everyone equally knew that he was good.

For Montgomery was that rarest of creatures in the British Army, a thoroughly *professional* soldier: one who took his calling as seriously as does a surgeon, a lawyer or an engineer. For the amateur traditions observed by his colleagues he has throughout his career expressed open contempt. All too many British officers of the inter-war generation regarded the Army less as a serious profession than as an enjoyable prolongation of adolescent community life; but for such an attitude Montgomery had no time:

> By the time the 1914-18 war was over, it had become clear that the profession of arms was a life-study, and that few officers seemed to realise this fact. It was at this stage of my life that I decided to dedicate myself to my profession, to master its details, and to put all else aside.

An ecclesiastical background, a London upbringing and a complete lack of private means already set him apart from his colleagues, and it was a division accentuated by the solitude into which he plunged himself after the tragic death of his wife. By dedicated study he was to acquire not merely the mastery of administration and weapons which sometimes passes in the Services for professional expertise, but an understanding of *war;* which is a very different matter. But he was to acquire also a self-confidence which to his contemporaries seemed indistinguishable from arrogance. It enabled him, when commanding a Corps at Dunkirk, to tell the Army Commander that another Corps commander was liable to fall down on the job, and get him replaced. It enabled him, when training troops in England, to break with convention and proceed, in spite of ridicule and official disapproval, along realistic and unorthodox lines; and it enabled him, on arrival in North Africa, to override the decisions of his predecessors and his superiors, reorientate the Eighth Army, and send a new, hopeful spirit tingling down through its depressed and blasé ranks.

Certainly Montgomery at El Alamein had everything on his side: superiority in armour, superiority in guns, supremacy in the air. But the deployment of superior forces requires no less skill in generalship than the deployment of inferior – as the British commanders who had launched the unfortunate Operation Crusader a year earlier had found to their cost. El Alamein was in many respects a masterly battle. Yet it was not quite perfect. Montgomery still lacked, at this stage, the unorthodox boldness of a Manstein or a MacArthur, by which defeat is turned into annihilation. The Germans withdrew in good order; and though the subsequent battles in Africa were conducted with superb competence, they showed little of the transcendent qualities of the Great Captain which seemed to have touched the Field-Marshal during the last week of October, 1942. But they served their purpose with economy and efficiency; and Montgomery emerged from Africa as one of the most formidably successful commanders the British Army has ever bred.

Professional dedication and unshakeable self-confidence: to these two qualities Montgomery had owed his success. But now the tide began slowly to turn. If his weaknesses had hitherto been sources of strength, his very virtues were now to betray him. He had to deal with allies whom he regarded, even more than he did his British associates, as his inferiors in the art of war, and no amount of back-slapping camaraderie could conceal it. He found himself, moreover, in a realm of strategy where nothing was clear. Jurisdictions overlapped, political issues fogged military decisions, and the views of soldiers, sailors, airmen and statesmen were in constant and inescapable conflict. The powers of command, the clear vision, the infectious personal dynamism which had carried the Field-Marshal so far in the comparatively sheltered waters of an Army Command proved less effective in the great ocean swells of Grand Strategy. Trouble was already beginning dur the invasion of Sicily and Italy, and in North-West Europe it was to overwhelm him. The memoirs of the Field-Marshal, as one reads on, become increasingly pathetic. He saw so clearly what was wrong and what needed to be done. His plans were so simple, so logical, so inescapably *right*. But the brisk, commanding voice was lost in the hubbub of inter-allied planning committees, and the brisker and more commanding it became, the more annoyed his colleagues grew. There comes a point in the conduct of strategy – and in particular in the conduct of allied strategy – when calculations valid at a lower level of command no longer entirely apply; when conditions other than military have to be taken into account and the problems of personal, party or national susceptibilities can no longer be brushed aside. To cope with such problems the qualities of a statesman, or at the very least of a diplomat, are as neccessary as those of a soldier; and these qualities the Field-Marshal signally failed to acquire. In a phrase which he uses lavishly of others, he had 'risen above his ceiling'; and in a world where only the flexibility of an Alexander or an Eisenhower could obtain results, he found himself increasingly incapable of getting his own way.

It was a tragedy not only for the Field-Marshal but for the allied cause. Such must be the verdict of those who accept the claim that Montgomery's tactical plan for the advance from Normandy could have won the war in 1944, and the case which he makes out for this is a good one. He was normally a cautious and methodical commander; but two years of campaigning gave him that *coup d'œil*, that feel for the battlefield which only comes to masters of their trade and tells them when they can safely take risks. It is a quality which only experience can breed, and experience was what the Field-Marshal's American colleagues and superiors lacked. In Montgomery's demand for the maintenance of a single land command and for a deep thrust into North Germany to seize the Ruhr they saw, not a master-stroke, but an unnecessary gamble to gratify an ambition which was beginning to arouse resentment on

* *The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Montgomery.* Collins. 35*s*.

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both sides of the Atlantic. In reading the Field-Marshal's own account of the conflict, one is at once impressed by the clarity and conviction of his arguments and appalled by the didactic and peremptory tones in which he expounded them. There is a revealing photograph in this book of Montgomery and Bradley emerging from a conference: the Field-Marshal relaxed, informal, radiating confidence and command; Bradley white-lipped, worried, ill at ease. It was not a good atmosphere for inter-allied planning; and after the deplorable though well-intentioned press conference at which Montgomery explained how he personally had won the Battle of the Ardennes, many Americans began to say openly that they would rather lose the war without Monty than win it under his command.

The higher the Field-Marshal mounted, the more thickly the clouds gathered round him. Throughout his memoirs he proclaims an orthodox military contempt for politics and asserts his independence of such a dirty game. But in accepting the post of CIGS he was walking straight into politics: into the endless bargaining wherein soldiers have to demand more men and money from politicians who have to refuse it; and into the inter-service politics wherein Chiefs of Staff attempt to protect their services not only against the politicians but against one another. The Field-Marshal's colleagues on the Chiefs of Staff Committee were cautious and experienced men who knew the rules which alone made agreement and progress possible. Montgomery did not. He remained as self-assured, outspoken and tactless as ever. He tried to dominate his colleagues; he even tried to get rid of the Minister of Defence as he had, in happier days, got rid of incompetent generals. As ever, his plans were supremely sensible, cogently argued, logically flawless. But in politics logic and clarity are not enough. There is a political *coup d'œil* as well as a military, a sense of what is possible and what is not. It was a quality which many of the Field-Marshal's less dedicated, more amateur colleagues developed through their very professional weaknesses – through their affability, their hours spent drinking and talking, their preference for club and drawing-room rather than study. It is the last ironic twist to the story of the Field-Marshal that the ascetic and dedicated professionalism which had raised him so high should at the last have spoiled him for the greatest professional rewards.

Such frustration would have soured a lesser man; but not Montgomery. He is sustained, not simply by the sublime inner confidence which has never deserted him, but by an increasing public recognition that he has – where purely military matters are concerned – usually been right. We may expect from him hereafter a steady stream of outspoken, untimely but irritatingly sensible pronouncements on national and world affairs which will embarrass successive governments and provide a constant source of delight to the popular press. But he has won his licence. Nothing that he can say will ever destroy the gratitude which the nation owes to him as a soldier, nor the respect in which we hold him as a man.

MICHAEL HOWARD

In Violent Dreams

A dream of torture woke me, cold, at six:
A history-book account, read long since,
Of vast indignities men suffered once
For the wrong god or the wrong politics.
Sleepless, I saw those faceless torturers
Do violence for some implacable cause.

And some few scenes of violence I've known
Followed them. Ragged posters scrawled about
With 'Vive' this and that. A bomb thrown
To kill a king, and the long shout
As it exploded in a crowded street:
Blood on the pavements, the great crowd's retreat.

Then, in a temple-compound, men who knelt
Above a bowl where jostling fish were locked
By barbs, their gills distended, cruelty felt
As something private; I alone was shocked
By what I saw. Yes, these were real enough,
Not dragged up from a dream. Yet the same stuff –

Gross and distorted – lay beneath them both:
The imagined sufferings were real, and my
Small memories were parables whose truth
Showed me my own responsibility.
Those grand inquisitors, that torturer
Known only from a book, were printed clear

Upon a page where real scenes took place
Somewhere in a dim background, where the true
Was glimpsed in an imagined and pain-twisted face
Before which, as I looked on, my own I and grew
A trembling paw which held a razor drawn:
Violence within: my face a bloody yawn.

ANTHONY THWAITE

The Case for the Bomb

Our Nuclear Future: Facts, Dangers and Opportunities. By EDWARD TELLER and ALBERT L. LATTER. *Secker & Warburg*. 21*s*.

Dr Teller is, in the words of the blurb, 'the American physicist chiefly responsible for the technical developments by which the hydrogen bomb was adapted as a transportable weapon'. He is widely known as the spokesman for the school of thought which holds that 'America can only be safe if strong', and as an advocate for the continuation of weapons testing. The views of any man with his achievements demand careful consideration, and they have undoubtedly had great political influence. The present book, which is an elaboration of material originally published in *Life*, allows us to examine them in detail.

The first few chapters give a useful simplified account of nuclear physics and the mechanism of nuclear explosions. The meat of the book is in the second half, which is concerned with the pros and cons of continuing the atomic arms race. The first point one notices is that the emphasis is almost entirely on the question of the dangers of bomb-testing; there is scarcely any attempt to describe the damage which would be caused by an atomic war. This is to omit the main argument for the necessity to bring the arms race to an end, and results in a picture of 'Our Nuclear Future' which is very far from comprehensive.

The two questions on which the authors concentrate are the dangers of continued weapons testing and the desirability of the development of 'clean' bombs. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that a good deal of special pleading is put

forward on both topics. Weapons testing has, admittedly, turned out to be a good deal less harmful than originally feared, but however sober the estimates of its effects, there remains an undeniable threat of some real damage, particularly in the induction of leukaemia and other cancers. Teller and Latter do not exactly deny this; but they express the possible harm in terms which tend to minimise it. For instance, they discuss the individual effects of excess radiation (induction of bone cancers, etc.) in terms of a general shortening of the life-span, which on the average over the world's population would, they claim, amount to about one or two days, at the present level of fall-out. They equate this with the effect of smoking one cigarette every two months. To use such a comparison is to take advantage of the feeling, which most people will have even if they cannot formulate it, that there is a threshold below which the harmful effects of cigarette smoking are non-existent; and it also conceals the fact that bomb-fall-out introduces into the world a specific, previously absent poison, strontium-90. There are several such slanted arguments; a discussion of them will be found in Linus Pauling's *No More War* published not long ago.

Teller and Latter argue that if an agreement to cease bomb tests were reached, it would be possible for a country to run surreptitious tests. Their opinion does not appear to be based on a detailed study, such as that carried out by the Columbia University group under Melman; and they have of course been overtaken by events, since Western and Communist technicians at Geneva have since agreed that an adequate inspection system could in fact be set up.

The arguments for the 'clean' bomb are hardly more convincing. They rest on the assumptions that clean tactical weapons could be used against conventional ground, sea and air forces without calling down nuclear retaliation, and that even in an atomic war the main targets for attack would be the adversary's military installations rather than his general population. One can perhaps imagine circumstances in which these restrictions might operate, but also very easily many others in which they would not. When advanced by themselves they merely serve to cloak the necessity to think out a more radical policy which might lead towards the complete prevention of warfare as a means of settling international disputes. This is a task for which Great Britain, as the most powerful of the nations which yet plays a negligible part in preserving the present precarious balance of power, is particularly well fitted. This book will be of little help, and even probably of some hindrance, to such an endeavour.

C. H. WADDINGTON

On the Rocks

Socialism in One Country 1924-1926. Vol. I.
By E. H. CARR. *Macmillan.* 45*s.*

The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 changed the surface of things; in the Marxist phrase, it was a change of super-structure. There was a political revolution: the Bolsheviks got a monopoly of power. There was a social revolution: the privileged classes lost their wealth and, often, their lives. But there was no economic revolution – nothing, say, like our Industrial Revolution in the preceding century. On the contrary, instead of two blades of grass and two factory chimneys growing where one grew before, it was the other way round: the Russia of 1923 was worse off all round than the Russia of 1913. In the first years after the Revolution, the Bolsheviks simply held

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

on to power and waited for the international revolution which never came. They discovered, by imperceptible degrees, that their theories did not fit the facts; and gradually they trimmed or rigged these theories without avowedly discarding them. By the time of Lenin's death in 1924 the struggle for survival had been won. Bolshevik rule was secure. But the Soviet Union existed alone in a hostile, capitalist world; and it was a predominantly agricultural country, seemingly dependent on the private enterprise of the peasants.

What were the Bolsheviks to do now? Were they to wait until the facts caught up with their theories – to wait, that is, for the international revolution and for the 'natural' growth of industry in Russia? Or should they force the facts to fit their theories? This is the theme of Mr Carr's new set of three volumes, of which the present is the first. He writes in the introduction: 'The earlier volumes were, in a certain sense, preliminary to the main purpose. . . . The present volume brings me to the heart of the subject'. His judgment is, as usual, not so much modest as correct. His volumes on the *Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923* and on *The Interregnum, 1923-1924*, were indeed splendidly exciting; but they told the old story of men buffeted by events. We now approach a novel theme; how men shaped events to accord with their will, a gigantic assertion of man over nature – an assertion still continuing. For the first time Marxists took Marx's injunction seriously: 'Other philosophers have described the world in different ways; it is our duty to change it'. This is the first book in any language which does justice to the subject. Mr Carr's mastery of his material has always been awe-inspiring. But here he shows more than scholarship. He shows understanding. No more important book has been published in our time. Even the Bolsheviks could learn from it – or perhaps the Bolsheviks most of all.

Mr Carr cuts through the easy phrases which are often used to 'explain' Soviet Communism. The Bolsheviks were neither 'enlightened pioneers nor hardened villains'. They did not know exactly what they wanted nor where they were going. On the other hand, they were not inspired primarily by the desire to maintain their rule. Certainly they intended to remain in power; but they intended to do so for some purpose, and this purpose was Socialism. Mr Carr puts his fingers on the essential basic fact about Soviet Russia when he insists that its rulers were sincere Socialists, even though their Socialism had often been tempered by events. They compromised, hesitated, retreated; but whenever they saw that their retreat was leading away from Socialism, they hesitated once more and swung round in the opposite direction. The greatest swing, and the decisive one, was in the years covered by this book, between 1924 and 1926. Orthodox economists – and no economists were more orthodox than the Russian – insisted that the only course for the Soviet state was to build up an export surplus of grain and to buy industrial equipment with the foreign currency thus gained. This course was followed in the first years of the New Economic Policy. Then the Bolsheviks looked down the corridors of time and saw the inevitable consequences: the richer peasants would become agrarian capitalists within Russia, and world capitalism would control Russia's economic development. Ultimately the contradiction between economic fact and political pretence would become too great; 'the integument would be burst asunder', but not according to Marxist wishes; Russia would become a capitalist state, and the Bolsheviks would be overthrown.

Of course, the issue was never stated in such clear terms. The Bolshevik rulers decided at one moment to go against the kulaks and at another to develop heavy industry, without appreciating what would follow. But when the sums added up, they came to planned economy and Socialism in one country. The rather arid debates between 1924 and 1926 shaped the future of Soviet Russia from that day to this. Mr Carr has dissected them with easy mastery. He might perhaps have emphasised a little more the novelty of what the Bolsheviks resolved on. Nowadays many of their expedients seem commonplace. Everyone knows about managed currency, directed investment, and so on. Then the 'natural laws' of economics were as sacred as the law of gravity. The Bolsheviks defied the law of gravity; and they certainly hit something, though not perhaps the Moon.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Killing the Legend

J. B. Priestley: An Informal Study of His Work. By DAVID HUGHES. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

One's first reaction to this book is to congratulate Mr Hughes on his choice of subject. Though J. B. Priestley has slain – and continues to slay – his tens of thousands of readers, his hue is not the wear in any of the literary smart sets whose baneful spheres of influence hold sway over what was formerly the 'Republic of Letters'. (What honest and solemn days those were, and how distant they seem to us now!) Like Priestley himself, Mr Hughes is a cultural conservative. It is never what he says that is old-fashioned, only the way in which it sometimes gets down on the page. For such a comparatively young man he has a pleasant sense of bygone literary pieties. I suspect a number of unconscious influences – *John O'London's*, Sir Bruce Richmond, Everyman's Library, the essays of Robert Lynd and the criticism of Sir John Squire – have all gone into the making of Mr Hughes's literary world picture.

His virtues and defects are much what one might expect: he is candid, generous, sensible and informed, but he is over-impressed by the bookish life – by the physical properties of books altogether, perhaps – and he suffers from a certain lack of critical imagination: (his remarks on Lawrence, for example, are uniformly unfortunate and beside the point). His use of metaphor is exhausting – we have irrigation, monsoons, gold mines and butterfly-nets all within two paragraphs – and his style often achieves the kind of vague grandiosity that marks the hearty-sensitive who doesn't know just what he wishes to say. Yet in his general aim he has succeeded admirably. This survey of Priestley's work should help kill the 'jolly type with a pipe' legend that has led to the finest playwright and best social critic of his generation being so absurdly undervalued by the vulgarity of the elite.

Priestley's phenomenal energy and versatility, coupled with a public personality that was forced upon him between the wars, as a result of the colossal success of *The Good Companions* – Mr Hughes rightly sees this gigantic best-seller as a great stumbling-block to Priestley's development as a writer – has been largely responsible for his being sold so short on the literary Bourse. As Mr Hughes says, his earlier work exists as 'a full-scale literary career *in parvo*, and if the eleven books by which they [his early years] are represented had been spread thoughtfully over a lifetime, I think it likely that Priestley would have succeeded in commanding that brand of faintly disappointed respect we reserve for authors who have done well but little. . . .' One is apt to forget that he began his literary life as an essayist and reviewer. ('Mr

Priestley is a scholar', wrote the *Morning Post* in 1924, 'but he is first and foremost a critic.') I wish Mr Hughes had said more about the criticism, especially about the *Figures in Modern Literature* and the study of Meredith (1926).

He is sound but dull on the plays but good on the novels – particularly so on *Angel Pavement* (1930), that superb 'panoramic view of middle-class London' which, along with *Eden End*, *Time and the Conways*, *Music at Night*, the best of the essays, *English Journey* and his two volumes of meditative autobiography, constitute the core of Priestley's achievement. I think Mr Hughes is right to emphasise the deceptive nature of his technique of deliberate simplification. As he says, Priestley is a writer who has nearly always been denied his undertones. Yet it is as an essayist that he appeals most to his student and here he brings out the best in Mr Hughes's own writing.

JOHN RAYMOND

New Novels

Position at Noon. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape.* 15*s.*

A Shot in the Dark. By DAVID GARNETT. *Longmans.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Seeing Life. By ALEXANDER BARON. *Collins.* 15*s.*

A Short Answer. By STANLEY MIDDLETON. *New Authors.* 15*s.*

Peacock's virtues as a novelist were so many, so seemingly incongruous one with another, and held in such exquisite balance, that there is no wonder that none of his disciples has succeeded in producing the pure Peacockian distillation. It is one thing to be able to re-create the satire of current ideas that was part of his genius, quite another to evoke the beauty, quiet, subtle, classical, that embraces it. Yet in one respect Mr Linklater is as good a Peacockian as any who has written in our time. 'The worst thing is good enough to be laughed at, though it be good for nothing else; and the best thing, though it be good for something else, is good for nothing better.' In his new, extremely amusing novel, Mr Linklater has nailed Friar John's declaration firmly to his mast. Splendidly irreverent, always urbane, he takes his fun where he finds it and has written what is in effect a comic history of England during the past two centuries.

Position at Noon is an exercise in the picaresque, with this difference, that it relates the progress of a journey through time rather than space. We begin in the present, with the rogue-hero, Edward Gratiano Vanbrugh ('My name would equally grace a cathedral close or ennoble a pantry'), an incompetent and almost bankrupt antique-dealer coming from the landed gentry and with a robust appetite for women and drink. He tells his own story, in Mr Linklater's characteristic prose, which, with its roots in the eighteenth century, is always witty and at once tough and elegant. Edward Gratiano, faced with ruin, concludes that it is his father's fault: 'He, not I, was culpable.' So we go back to his father's life, and his failure in turn was his father's fault; and thus down the generations till we reach the fountainhead of the family, the foundling who became a footman, went to India and came back a nabob, married a titled lady, entered the House as a supporter of the elder Pitt and was rewarded with a barony.

Apart from the founder of the family and Edward Gratiano, who in the last pages abandons his pregnant wife and his pregnant mistress to try his luck as a butler to an oil millionaire in Texas, the Vanbrughs have been a family of failures and sawneys, failures because sawneys. All the same, they resume English history. One was captured ignominiously at Bunker Hill. His grandson, a very minor poet, was none other than the Person from Porlock, a bumbling busybody who aroused the bitter antipathy of Wordsworth, whom he surprised in France making love to Annette Vallon: Mr Linklater's picture of the Wordsworth-Lamb circle is extraordinarily funny. The poet's son, after an early infatuation with the Oxford Movement, went mad with Darwinism and scandalised Somerset by his repeated attempts to examine the vestigial caudal appendages of ladies. And the shadow of his father hung over each Vanbrugh in turn. Mr Linklater's invention is continuous and delightful, and he is at his best when showing the awful effects of strong ideas on weak minds.

If Mr Garnett's new novel bore the name of an unknown author, what would one say of it? What could one say of it? I found it very rum indeed. A very much Europeanised American retires to Italy to recover from the killing effects of a love-affair with a woman who is a lesbian on the side. He settles in a small town, falls in love with the Mayor's daughter, discovers, under the influence of Dr Margaret Murray, that the real religion of the district is Dianic under a very thin layer of Catholicism, and finds himself involved in the struggle for power between Church and communism. With the best will in the world I found nothing credible or convincing in it except the author's affection for Italy.

The trouble with *Seeing Life* is that Mr Baron never made up his mind which novel he was writing. It begins as a very effective satire on

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contemporary show business. A talentless young schoolmaster is built up into a teenage idol by one of those odious television 'personalities' who have almost succeeded in making friendship a dirty word. All this, together with the satire on modern publicity methods, is related with an admirable savage scorn. But then Mr Baron changes course. His hero, who is as corrupt as his mentors, suddenly discovers a heart and sacrifices his career for the love of a young woman journalist who is dying horribly of cancer. What looked like being uncompromisingly savage comedy becomes a tear-jerker, and the result of the novelettish values that inform the second half of the book is to cast doubt on the seriousness of the satire of the first half.

Mr Stanley Middleton's *A Short Answer*, a first novel, is good enough to make one curious as to what he may write next. It cannot, I think, be considered successful, for the author has got hold of an idea that he does not manage to work out. A bank clerk surprises himself and his friends by having a mystical experience of God. This reviewer was as unconvinced of this as Sam Marshall's friends were. There is much too much dialogue unrelated to character. On the other hand, there does emerge a sharp and faithful picture of middle-class provincial life – well padded with comfort and with its own culture and dignity – at the present time. And there is one excellent Dickensian comic character, the retired Dr Dean, who runs away with the novel whenever he appears.

WALTER ALLEN

Mr J. Downie's essay on *The Competitive Process*, mentioned last week in the Economics Round-Up, is a separate book, which is published by Duckworth at 25s.

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Not so Dismal?

Retreat from Truth. By G. R. G. MURE. *Blackwell.* 31*s.* 6*d.*

About half the professional philosophers of this country work and teach at Oxford. Consequently the philosophical revolution of the last few decades has been more spectacular there than anywhere else. A flourishing academic subject, with a large following and unmatched prestige, has changed beyond recognition. The undergraduates used to sit down to answer questions like 'Is Negativity a necessary constituent of the Real?' Nowadays, 'Are all cats grey at night?' is more the kind of thing.

Mr G. R. G. Mure, Warden of Merton and distinguished Hegelian, has stepped forward from the ranks of the 'tiny dissident minority' of Oxford philosophers faithful to the old ways, and has denounced these changes as 'a major educational disaster'. But the philosophical disaster is only one among the many that we encounter in his book, compounded as it is (and most strangely compounded) of sorrow, anger, learning, fine intelligence, good writing and non-contact with the twentieth century. We move from gloom to gloom – from world wars and threatened wars to an England economically and spiritually prostrate, to speculation and the arts in pitiful decline, to an Oxford of intellectual hooligans. Mr Mure speaks of the rise of science ('all our non-practical activities, our poetry and our philosophy in particular, seemed continually to deteriorate, while natural science flourished and progressed by leaps and bounds') as if that only made matters worse. He appears to draw no comfort from the growth of History at Oxford, or the more modest achievements of other humane studies there. Nothing seems much good. Our failings are cruelly exposed.

'I do not doubt,' writes Mr Mure, that a study of twentieth-century philosophy 'will reveal the crippling influence of economic stress. . .' This conviction seems to me – I am not a professional philosopher – to involve him in special pleading. His account of modern philosophy ignores Frege entirely, contains a single reference to G. E. Moore as 'the common-sense realist', and begins with Bertrand Russell, whose work was well under way before 1914, while the sun was still shining. Mr Mure traces Russell's descent from Locke and Hume, and this, together with his many assertions to the effect that modern British philosophy is 'utterly reactionary' and in its 'second childhood', will make the layman wonder how the swindle was successfully perpetrated in the first place. The misquotation of a famous slogan ('The meaning of a statement is the meaning' – instead of 'method' – 'of its verification') will add to his confusion. Nor will the rather haughty treatment of Wittgenstein's work ('Had Wittgenstein, whom I can never feel to have been a natural empiricist, been more fortunate in his philosophical education . . .') help him to recover his bearings. There is a queer remoteness about this: how could it occur to anybody to think of Wittgenstein as a natural empiricist? And in the pages that follow, Wittgenstein is made to look a simpleton by an attack on the conclusion of the *Tractatus* along the lines of Hegel's criticism of the Kantian Thing-in-itself. This gives no hint of Wittgenstein's awareness and subtle discussion of the problem – for example, in *Tractatus*, 5.61, where he concludes: 'We cannot therefore say in logic: This and this there is in the world, that there is not'. We are invited to think of him as a philosophical illiterate who, in his talk about the limits of the world, blundered into an old, hard, forgotten truth, and knocked himself unconscious.

Mr Mure's book contains some pages on modern literature which, in so far as they are concerned to examine the formal character of poetry, will be studied with profit by critics and literary theorists. The excursions into practical criticism are less valuable. They tend too much towards bald assertion. Here's an example: 'Simply as musical sound, a modern poem will give far less satisfaction than an ode of Pindar read aloud to a man who is ignorant of Greek but has a sensitive ear . . .' Are Pindar's odes more musical than Yeats's Byzantium poems? And to dismiss Joyce's prose on the ground that 'speech at that stage of crudity can scarcely have any discipline at all' is surely to confuse a chaotic state of mind (Bloom's) with a highly disciplined state of language (Joyce's). Joyce was a prodigious technician, as well as being alive to the simpler questions of correct usage. 'Centring round' (to take an example from Mr Mure's book) is the kind of phrase you will not find in Joyce.

All this – literature no less than philosophy – reveals an utter lack of sympathy between Mr Mure and what he calls 'our dismal age'. But the final section of the book, entitled simply and impressively 'Value', is a return home, to the tradition of Greek and German metaphysics. It is here (for one must go back beyond Collingwood to Bradley in order to find philosophical prose as good as Mr Mure's) that one is made to feel the greatness of Idealism, and, by implied contrast, the inadequacy of much that goes on now. Certainly he made me, as he will make others of small philosophical knowledge and talent, aspire to the vision of Hegelian *Wahrheit*, and strain after the music of the Absolute.

JOHN JONES

India from Inside

India Changes. By TAYA ZINKIN. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s.*

For those thousands of quite intelligent people who still think of India as one homogeneous and sizeable country – due no doubt to the use of Mercator's projection for school maps of the world, in which the Indian sub-peninsula is smaller than Greenland – this book is just the ticket. Taya Zinkin has lived and travelled in the India she describes through the period of change; she seems likely to be going to continue living there, an accurate, loving, not uncritical observer. *India Changes* has, thank goodness, very little straight politics, and though Mrs Zinkin goes easy with statistics, she is good at producing the small, meaningful figure – but I wish these had been translated out of dollars and cents. It is essentially a book about people, rather more about women than men; this is all to the good in any account of Hindu society, where women are important and influential – not always for progress – though not in our own rather unsatisfactory but showy western way, and where, as Taya Zinkin points out, women are not temptresses and vessels of sin but eaters of the carnal apple entirely by mutual arrangement and consent.

The chapters on the changing family structure of India are extremely vivid, and, as far as my experience goes, correct, though I think it might have been pointed out what a terrible burden the extended family is on the wage or salary earner, who may have to drop everything in order to look after some crisis in this huge group for which he is responsible and which is so bad

at looking after itself. I am sure this is something which holds back the full use of intellectual and technical capabilities, so badly needed, amongst the educated Indian elite.

There is much stress on the villages and the ripple of change in them, the many different attempts at betterment with the uneasy problem of mass contraception always underlying them. There is no religious objection to contraception in India, where, on the whole, people take a balanced view about sex, but so far there is no method which can be used in a one-roomed hut without water, though a safe, cheap, oral contraceptive may not be too far away.

In the middle of all this competent, lively descriptive reporting there is a very moving passage where the good reporter is suddenly overcome by something bigger than the *Manchester Guardian* or the *Economist*. She finds herself, as others have done, completely overwhelmed by her contact with a saint in action, Vinoba Bhave. It is the kind of experience which makes all the discomfort, muddle and frustration which probably comes one's way in India quite immaterial; and there is nowhere else where it could possibly happen. Whether Bhave's methods of action, Bhoodan and Gramdan, can go on for much longer is another question.

Taya Zinkin is a Nehru-ist as, I think, most normal people are in India. That doesn't mean that she thinks Congress is perfect. She has, for the sake of India, perhaps, and because such things get misunderstood, played down the communal troubles, and, though she has a sapient quotation on Kerala, I think she underestimates the followers of Gandhi who have gone the Communist way. I am glad she writes with such understanding of the loyalty and selflessness of the Indian civil servants, often so much more intelligent than their masters. But I wish she had mentioned some of the current Indian scientific research which is likely to alter things more fundamentally than the politicians, or even the saints, can do.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Detection and Crime

Gallows' Foot. By VAL GIELGUD. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

And Be a Villain. By JOANNA CANNAN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Stairway. By URSULA CURTISS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

You Can Die Laughing. By A. A. FAIR. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Grinning Gorilla. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Murder on Their Minds. By GEORGE HARMON COXE. *Hammond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Hide My Eyes. By MARGERY ALLINGHAM. *Chatto & Windus.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Gigantic Shadow. By JULIAN SYMONS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Murder Plan Six. By JOHN BINGHAM. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The calendar at the autumn assizes on detection follows the humdrum routine: nothing so far has been published brilliant enough to warrant universal recommendation. The first trio on the list is advised for mild readers, who only wish for cosy crimes, congenial characters and competent dialogue; the second trio covers the masculine demand for the more strident American product; and the last three should gratify the current taste for the fantastic and whimsical. All are perfectly readable, given the appropriate state of mind and a modicum of good will.

Gallows' Foot abounds in theatricals. The actor-hero comes in from a short walk to find his mistress dead in bed from an overdose of gin and soporifics. As the couple had quarrelled he is barely exonerated at the inquest, and he departs shamefacedly under a false name to join a repertory company in the wilds. After an ample interlude of stage business, where Mr Gielgud certainly treads familiar ground, another lady meets the same deplorable fate, only with the addition of a bruised arm and a cut lip. 'Framed, by Gad!' exclaim the hero and Scotland Yard in unison. But the perspicacious reader will have long since spotted the joker in the wings.

The joker in *And Be a Villain* is harder to come by, in spite of the Shakespearian clue in the title: so many of the characters are given to smiling unpleasantly. In fact, the only prepossessing character in the book is a charming old-fashioned lady who eventually routles out the villain at the risk of her life. An ambitious doctor in a provincial town has been whacked to death in his National Health surgery; and Miss Cannan lines up her suspects with a ruthless ear for defective vowel-sounds and a savage glance round at the Welfare State. In such unsavoury contemporary surroundings one need hardly be surprised that the motive for breaking a horrid man's neck should prove to be so trivial.

The victim's neck is also broken in *The Stairway*. (Authoresses regard it as a ladylike method of disposal.) 'What the devil—' he exclaims as he plunges headlong to the marble hall below. Who or what made him lose his footing? His wife becomes so bemused by her five-year-old son, her

A Royal Commission on the Universities?

Lord Simon of Wythenshawe has written on this question in the November issue of UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY. Other features of the issue include 'The Historical Approach to Science,' 'Geography defended,' 'University Government—but by whom?' 'The Interpreter's Task and Training' and 'The Postgraduate Training of Teachers.'

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sinister woman companion, her literary gentleman-admirer and a posse of suspicious policemen that she never guesses the truth (and nor do we) until another death occurs in the shrubbery. Miss Curtiss devises the twists in her heroine's parlous predicament with her usual consummate dexterity: even if her plot may be too fiendish to carry conviction, she can always make us hold our breath as long as she pleases.

In their latest gallops the old favourite from the Erle Stanley Gardner stable, Perry Mason, is worsted by Donald Lam, an investigator with a warmer heart and more endearing disposition. (A. A. Fair is Mr Gardner's alias, in case the news has not yet got round.) *You Can Die Laughing* sets Lam looking for a vanishing lady on the Californian coast. By the time she is finally run to earth he has discovered and solved a murder, linked up with a couple of jolly girl-friends and made an utter fool of the sly Texas tycoon who employs him. In *The Case of the Grinning Gorilla* Perry Mason gets involved in psychological experiments on apes which lead to homicidal experiments on himself. The gorillas get loose in the dark; and the situation is supposed to be a little spine-chilling in the Speckled Band manner. But Perry Mason is far too cold a fish to evoke a moment's anxiety; and Della Street's career as a chaste red-head ought surely to be terminated. One would have been only too pleased for a gorilla, or even a chimpanzee, to get her.

Extracting skeletons from family cupboards can be a hazardous business. The private eye in *Murder on Their Minds* is shot when about to turn in his report, and Kent Murdock takes time off from the office to avenge his friend. Mr Coxe's press-photographer hero is as quick-witted, indefatigable and bullet-proof as anything they stock in California; but, perhaps because his field of operations is Boston, he is a more abstemious fellow. Less drink and less fondling of red-heads come his way; but otherwise the curriculum of high-speed detection is much the same from coast to coast.

Followers of Miss Allingham's pack under her beloved MFH Campion have to abandon hunting by scent: their quarry is always in full view. In *Hide My Eyes* a singularly wicked plausible young man, who murders right and left for small sums of money, is brought to book through his need of a mother-substitute in the shape of a sweet old lady. One can hardly blame Miss Allingham for forsaking the cramping medium of detection when she can indulge her sentimental aptitude so freely and effectively in the wide open spaces of the crime novel.

Mr Symons is another respectable writer of detection gone astray – at least temporarily – in pursuit of excitement. In *The Gigantic Shadow* shady millionaires, IRA gunmen, drug addicts and 'socialites' congregate for nefarious purposes. The brisk action and vernacular dialogue are pumped out with the utmost assurance, but the characters are all nebulous. What character can one expect of a 'socialite', if one is prepared to use such language? Bedworthiness? In that case you will not be disappointed.

Murder Plan Six belongs in the unbridled fancy department. Mr Bingham introduces his publisher into the text of his book; and sitting beside Mr Gollancz in his snuggery the reader listens to a would-be murderer tape-recording his murderous intentions. Some tense dramatic situations are thereby contrived, but the plot encounters a wall of incredulity. Strangely enough, by the introduction of a real person the author forfeits all semblance of reality.

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Art Round-Up

M. Germain Bazin's *Concise History of Art* (Thames & Hudson, 35s.) is, as one would expect, much above the average. It is solid, prosaic, well illustrated and, though on almost any page the diligent seeker might find something to puzzle or annoy him, it will surely be more used than most of its kind. M. Bazin has also written the text for *Impressionist Paintings in the Louvre* (Thames & Hudson, 28s.), which illustrates the whole French national holding of three hundred-odd pictures, including the important and seldom reproduced group which has lately come from the collection of Dr Gachet. A third of the plates are in colour, much better colour that the previous volume in the series. This is, in fact, one of the best picture-books of recent months: it serves a purpose, and serves it thoroughly, and it is pleasant to look at.

The art book which deals well with a limited field is a treasure. At the opposite extreme is *Modern Italian Painting* by Guido Ballo (Thames & Hudson, 7 gns.). This is several kinds of book rolled uneasily (and uneconomically) into one, a not-quite-good-enough selection of the great Italian painting of the first quarter of the century, combined with a few interesting young painters and a lot of dull ones who have no right at all to this lavish tribute, without dates or bibliographies or much sign of system but an enormous weight of paper in their stead. Five years ago the technical standard of the book might have justified it; now we take it for granted. The colour of *Modern German Painting* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 50s.) is hardly less good and the book itself is altogether better and more systematically conceived. By far the best in this field is, however, the New York Museum of Modern Art's *German Art of the 20th Century* (Mayflower, 76s.). This includes an essay on painting by Werner Haftmann which is certainly the most valuable introduction to the period available, and a good selection of modest, reliable plates; it is itself a nice example of German book design.

Among albums of plates the arrival in English bookshops of the Collezione Silvana (unaltered, but now distributed by André Deutsch at 63s. a volume) is worthy of note. The *Mantegna* which records the destroyed Eremitani frescoes is no doubt the most useful of the series, but the *Piero della Francesca* is a little sharper in quality. The latest issue, a *Castagno* selection, has the characteristic virtues of the collection – and its defects, an overblown softness of definition and slight soapiness of tone. The Swiss plates in Thames & Hudson's *Grünewald* (63s.) are altogether more vivid and dependable, but in spite of Professor Pevsner's persuasive essay, it seems doubtful if such a book will ever make England love the artist. After looking at the original, one begins to wonder if these stunning details do not in fact do an odd disservice to him; they positively obscure the imaginative consistency of the great panels, the subtly pervasive concords and discords that unite these terrific inventions.

Among George Rainbird's importations (not all of which would be easy to recommend) are two of great value. After a number of attempts by several firms the problem of reproducing the *Ravenna Mosaics* has been almost completely solved by Silvana: the resulting plates have considerable beauty, so long as one holds them so that their dull, bronzy gold does not catch the light. There is a good text in English by G. Bovini (Rainbird, 7gns.). *Sienese Painting* (Rainbird, 8gns.) is a surprise. It is just the kind of collection one avoids – arbitrarily chosen, gaudy and gilded, full of details bereft of their sources – but in the event these plates (made in France by Braun) form a most charming and enlightening anthology of the school, much helped by E. Carli's commentary.

L. G.

Shorter Reviews

Egypt in Transition. By JEAN and SIMONNE LACOUTURE. *Methuen.* 35s.

This lengthy book, though essentially a journalistic and therefore somewhat transitory work, is nevertheless important, for it is the first full study of the Egyptian Revolution. The Lacoutures were living and working in Cairo throughout the period, they witnessed many of its most dramatic moments, and they know personally nearly all the chief characters. They provide a short introductory section tracing the evolution of Egyptian nationalism from its beginnings in the early nineteenth century, but most of the book is devoted to events since 1951. Their account is accurate, shrewd and remarkably objective. Though they clearly sympathise with the aspirations of the nationalists – what intelligent observer who has lived in Cairo does not? – they put their finger firmly on the central weakness of the Nasser regime: its failure to create an effective political organisation which can provide a link between the generals and the masses.

They also expose the myth, current in Western chancelleries, that Nasser and his associates are mere demagogues stirring up a politically apathetic peasantry. As they show, at every stage Nasser has followed, rather than led, public opinion in Egypt, and until the summer of 1956 he was generally criticised as too pro-Western. The tragedy of the Revolution, as the Lacoutures see it, is that the failure of Egypt's Sudan policy led her leaders to turn their backs on Africa – where her true role lay

—and plunge into compensatory adventures in the Middle East. The publishers are to be congratulated on making this useful and stimulating book, excellently translated, available to English readers.

P. J.

The Elizabethans at Home. By ELIZABETH BURTON and FELIX KELLY. *Secker & Warburg.* 25s.

This picture of the first Elizabethans, 'those vigorous, vital and often vulgar ancestors of ours', is based on a scrutiny of their everyday objects of house and dress and garden. A whole way of life emerges from the evidence of minor things: Why were these things made? How were they used? Who would have liked their design? The meanest pot throws a light on the mind of its owner. Miss Burton (with the help of Mr Kelly's clear illustrations) shows the all-pervasive taste for the florid, the bold and the prodigious, and enters with a lively sympathy into the spirit of the times. Her book is serious in basis and intent, and the long bibliography includes many contemporary sources, some still in manuscript form. But for all that it is light-hearted history to read. The sources have yielded many examples of household affairs, but they have also provided racy anecdotes.

Miss Burton is eager to find links between the two Elizabethan ages, and since she herself was brought up in Canada she is just as ready to trace the derivation of North American customs which have no parallel over here. To her this is simply a matter of course, but she shows, apparently unconsciously, that we are not the sole heirs of the great Elizabethans whose exploits she so much relishes.

J. B.

European Volunteer Workers in Britain. By J. A. TANNAHILL. *Manchester U.P.* 18s.

Between 1939 and 1951 the number of aliens over the age of 16 in this country increased from 239,000 to 429,329. One hundred thousand members of the Polish Armed Forces (and 30,000 dependants) and 85,000 Displaced Persons largely made up the difference. Accepting them was very much a case of enlightened self-interest since we badly needed workers – which doesn't make the government's policy any the less enlightened nor, in its execution, less civilised. Coalmining, agriculture, cotton, hospital-work, wagon-repairing and building have mainly been their trades. On the whole, although numerous exceptions do exist, they have settled down nicely in their new communities. Anyone who has ever lived near one of the camps which at one time housed DPs will know, however, that myths about the sexual behaviour of foreigners (based on fear and/or envy) and about how we are 'keeping' them, and about how they are keeping Englishmen out of work, have a hold on a disturbing number of minds. But, unlike Commonwealth immigrants, they have not been made the physical target of the nastier native prejudices, mainly because they are not coloured and because they have tended to disperse throughout the country.

This very competent but brief study collates the facts about this post-war incursion. Mr Tannahill is particularly well qualified to have written it since he is a civil servant in the Ministry of Labour, a qualification which in no way diminishes the strength of his claim that Britain deserves credit for being 'the first to appreciate the potentialities of the refugee population', and for initiating 'a policy of labour migration unique for this country in its size and significance'.

W. J. M.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,498 **Set by James Hornby**

The usual prizes are offered for not more than 14 lines of verse on falling out of love. Entries by 18 November.

Result of No. 1,495 **Set by Junius**

Competitors are invited to sharpen the edge of their satire, and compose a verse comment on any current item of news, political or social. Limit 16 lines.

Report

Most competitors can't have read their Reynolds with attention: sharp satire appeared only in isolated lines, and too often these didn't fit the chosen verse-form. At least half the entries were Blackpool-inspired. Jeremiah Sowerby had a nice couplet on 'Loyal Lennie' –

> Master (past) of measures that
> Circumpigeonate the cat.

and Russell Edwards another on the Tory matrons. There was an education swipe from Vera Telfer –

To encourage healthy bodies we will not spare expense
But skimp our teachers' money, which is only common sense,
Since we comprehend no difference between genius and fool
Where everyone is equal in our Comprehensive School.

Deposits honourably lost: Joan Ackner, P. D. Jones, Barbara Roe, Annie Allen, Eileen Tulloch, Brian Hammond, and D. R. Peddy. Two guineas each to Denis D. Constable and Snomis; half-a-guinea each to G. Baker and P. W. R. Foot.

Since Desdemona sweet and fair
  Died guiltless with a tragic smile
Grim murder long hath had his lair
  In Black Othello's gory isle.

But, as the Moor did learn at last
  The error of his savage rage,
So, now, misunderstanding's past,
  We've turned 'a new and cleaner page'.

For now we have a Plan a-Foot,
  A sacred Plan, a British Plan,
For Greeks the very choicest fruit:
  At least it suits the Ottoman.

There's joy and fellowship and cheer,
  There's love beneath the parasol,
Freedom from fear in Nicosia,
  And ladies laugh in Limassol.

DENIS D. CONSTABLE

It was a summer evening. Old Quintin's work was done,
And, waiting for his cocktail, he sat musing in the sun
On why the Tories never baulked
At all the fearful rot he talked.
'Now tell us', cried his grandchild, 'of how they bashed the villain,
Who tried, at Blackpool long ago, to interrup Macmillan.'
'Why gladly', the old man replied, 'It was, beyond doubt,
The League of Empire Loyalists who brought it a about.

Our Party stood for Liberty, and claimed that speech was free,
And we were several hundred, and they were two o three.
So when they blew a trumpet and shouted from th floor,
We seized them by the hair and arms and punche them on the jaw!'

'Tis splendid,' cried the little boy, 'this tale that yo relate,
But did that really do so much to make our Countr great?'
'Why, that I cannot tell,' quoth he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

SNOMIS

You said, *'See! here's my cheque:*
With pretty glass now deck
The pretty church you've built,
Then we shall feel no guilt.'

Oh, Herr Professor Heuss,
We could the more rejoice
If stained glass had no red,
Or we had fewer dead.

'But money does not smell,
And with the dead all's well.
We are magnanimous;
You did the same to us.'

Go! foolish kind old man!
Although forgive we can,
It is too early yet
For us, Herr, to forget.

G. BAKER

Harold, Harold,
Sweetly carolled,
Wilt to the Country go?
With knuckle duster,
Hailsham bluster
—Hecklers laid out in a row?

P. W. R. FOOT

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(Delete title not required)

City Lights

Money for Old Rope

Associated-Rediffusion is the company which provides Londoners with their midweek programmes on commercial television. It was originally formed in the autumn of 1954 with a paid-up capital of £1m, contributed equally by Associated Newspapers (Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail, Daily Sketch, Evening News* and *Sunday Dispatch*) and Rediffusion (a company which specialises in manufacturing radio equipment and providing piped radio and TV services). At first, as was universally expected, there were losses. New capital had to be found and was provided by British Electric Traction, a company closely associated with the name of Mr Harold Drayton, which runs bus services and holds investments in other companies, notably Rediffusion. The losses, however, continued, and by mid-1956 about half of the £6m then invested in A-R had been lost.

It was at this dark point that Lord Rothermere was induced – the stories of how it happened contradict one another in important details – to dispose of the greater part of his Associated Newspapers holding to Rediffusion and BET at a price which is unlikely to have been high; the rest went a little later when Associated Newspapers acquired a one-third interest in Southern Television, since nobody is permitted to have a voting interest in more than one programme company. At the end of it all the ownership of A-R had become what it is now – half to BET, three-eighths to Rediffusion, and one-eighth to individual shareholders, the largest of which are Mr Wills of Rediffusion and Mr Harold Drayton of BET.

Lord Rothermere, it is now clear, sold out very near the bottom of the market. A-R began to make profits in February, 1957, the year ending in April, 1957, showed losses of only £626,000, and the year ending in April, 1958, showed a profit of no less than £5.1m. The annual rate of profit has probably risen further since then. It seems fairly plain that A-R, like its rivals, is both surprised and embarrassed by the size of its current profits and that the frankness with which it has set out its financial position is due more to a wish to disarm criticism than to an immediate intention of marketing the non-voting shares it proposes to create. Its profits so far have been used for paying off its debts and increasing its bank balance and it may well decide to store rather than to eat the hay while the sun shines.

Associated TeleVision, its runner-up for profits, has been rapidly branching out into records, television films and commercial television abroad; by 1964, when the current contracts with the ITA expire, ATV may well have a tight enough grip on the entertainment industry in all its branches to be largely immune from the worst fate that Mr Harold Wilson and Sir Robert Fraser can devise for it.

* * *

The Carreras mystery, which has been puzzling the City for some weeks past, is now explained. Carreras, which has recently been faring no better than other lesser tobacco companies, is a family-controlled business; only £240,000 of its £7.4m of ordinary capital carries voting rights, and all but a fraction of these voting shares are believed to be held by the Baron family. The voting shares have been rising strongly in the market for some time past. Since the end of August they have risen from around 30s. to over 100s., some unknown buyer being prepared to take up at almost any price any of the very few shares offered for sale. Nothing was known in the market about the background to this situation and the board of Carreras had no comment to make. It was generally assumed that there must be a struggle for control in progress – the company was at that time negotiating to sell a valuable property near the City – and a family quarrel among the Barons seemed the only hypothesis to fit the case.

The answer turns out to be quite different. The Rembrandt Tobacco Corporation of South Africa, which controls Rothmans, has announced that it is bidding 110s. in cash for the voting shares of Carreras and that holders of more than 75 per cent have agreed to accept the bid; the board of Carreras, urging acceptance, suggests that the proposed arrangements are advantageous to all shareholders. This suggestion has been questioned from both sides. The relatively few non-Baron investors who held voting shares and sold them too cheaply are annoyed that the board should have made no statement at all during the two months in which the price of the shares trebled. The others, the holders of 97 per cent. of the equity, who have been offered no bid and whose property is now passing willy-nilly out of Baron into Rembrandt control, are beginning to understand the City's dislike of non-voting shares.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 469. A Shocking Position

So shocking indeed that I am loth to reveal its deficiencies all too glaringly by printing it on a diagram. Here it is in less spectacular and commendably space-saving Forsyth: /7k/16/b1q5/4p3/kt4kt2/r1P5/QB6/. To see the Black K in check would seem to be all the more disturbing since it is the White K who is supposed to have been just mated. But where is he? He's been brushed off the board along with one White and one Black P, and whether the brushing off was done in anger or by accident is none of our business. All that matters is to make some sense of the position by reconstructing the mate. And since I am much too charitable to spoil so many holiday weekends I have refrained from putting this into the forthcoming Christmas competition, and I might as well give the solution here and now. Put the missing K on c3, the White P and b2 and the Black P on c4. Black's . . . B-R4 ch was followed by P-Kt4, P x P e.p. mate. Harold Lommer gave me this piece before setting out for Portoroz and thence to Geneva to meet his Hon Jury-colleague André Chéron for the final decisions on our study competition.

Here now is a position which, playing White, our erstwhile ladder-hero D. E. Cohen reached in America (where, I was glad to see, he has found airmail facilities sufficiently fast for him to resume regular competition in this column). r1b1k2r/2p1qp2/1pktppkt2/p5pp/3PP3/P1PB2B1/2P1KtPPP/R2QR1K1/.

(1) P-Q5, P x P; (2) P x P, Kt x P?; (3) Kt-Q4, Kt-K4, (4) B x Kt, P x B; (5) Kt-QB6, Q-KB3; (6) B-QKt5, Kt x P?; (7) Kt x P ch, K-B1; (8) Q-Q4, Kt x B; (9) Kt-Q7 ch resigns.

Obviously (7) . . . Kt x B would have been defeated by Kt-Kt4 ch. etc. An equally well-deserved chessbook token, this 'Reader's Own' week, goes to J. W. Lane who sent this 'skittle' won by him.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (6) B-QKt5, Q-B2; (7) P-K5, PxP; (8) Kt-B3, B-Kt5; (9) B-Kt5, P-KR3; (10) BxKt, KtPxB; (11) Q-Q, BxKt; (12) QxB, R-B1; (13) KR-Q1, P-R3; (14) B-R4, P-Kt4; (15) BxP!, PxB; (16) KtxP, Q-Kt1; (17) P-QR4, Kt-Kt5; (18) R-Q2, KtxP; (19) QR-Q1. Kt-Kt5

It would have been better to counter White's threat of R-Q8 ch and Q-B6 ch by means of . . . Kt-Q5. What now happened was (20) Q-R8!, Kt-R3; (21) R-Q8 ch!, R x R; (22) Q-B6 ch, R-Q2; (23) Q x R mate. But then (20) . . .Q x Q would have led to (21) R-Q8 ch, R x R; (22) Kt-B7 mate; and any other move such as (20) . . P K3, or . . . B-Kt2, or . . . Kt-B3 would have led to a mate in 3.

A: C. G. Hilton 1958

'Home made' as well is the 4-pointer for beginners, a game-position achieved by C. G. Hilton (White) who played Kt-Q5. His opponent obliged by . . Kt x Kt?? and was drastically punished. How? **B**, a draw, is easy enough for 6 ladder-points, **C**, a win, is a most interesting 'tempo-struggle', well worth 7 points. Usual prizes. Entries by 17 November.

B: L. Kubbel 1917

C: N. D. Grigoriev

REPORT on No. 466. Set 18 October

A: (1) Kt x P!, Q x Kt; (2) R x P ch, K-Kt3; (3) R x P!, K x R; (4) Q-R5 ch K-Kt2; (5) Q-R6 mate

B: (1) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-K1; (2) Q-Q6 ch! (Q x P ch?), K-R1; (3) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1; (4) Kt-R6 ch. followed by Q-Kt8 ch etc if (1) . . . K-Q1; (2) Q-Q6 ch, K-K1; (3) Q x P ch, K-B2 (best); (4) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Kt1; (5) Q-K6 ch, K-R1; (6) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1; (7) Kt-R6 ch etc

C: (1) Q-Kt6 ch, K-Kt5; (2) Q-R5 ch!!, K-B4! (K x Q??); (3) Q-B3 ch, K-Q3(4); (4) Q-B6 ch, K-K4 (K x Kt??); (5) Q-K6 ch, K-B5!; (6) Q x B ch. K-Kt6; (7) Q-R4 ch!! and either mates or wins the Q.

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NS

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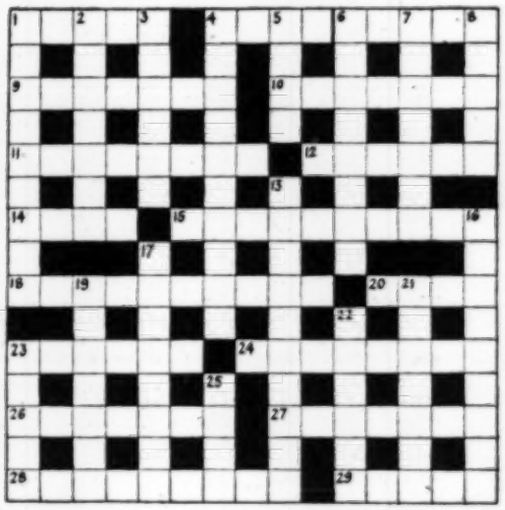

ACROSS

1. First appearance like toothpaste in reverse (5).
4. Contest in which one's favourites are bound to come first in the results (4, 5).
9. It sounds like the rough manner of a pirate (7).
10. Pedants nearly all stir up confusion (7).
11. Parts of England the company releases (8).
12. Swollen, but with nothing to take for it (6).
14. Pain at the heart of instructors (4).
15. The woman in charge is one to put years on her husband? (10).
18. Dinner dishes which start as a strange afterthought before another meal (10).
20. Market for the just (4).
23. He is a law-breaker and is put inside a little while (6).
24. Rest for the living (8).
26. Postage revised for the Germans (7).
27. Of uncertain age and lacking a boy friend (7).
28. 'Their shoulders held the sky ——' (Housman) (9).
29. Experiments in the latest scientific methods (5).

DOWN

1. Seat which needs canvassers (9).
2. District in which there would be a stink if the rowdy were removed (7).
3. One's characteristics are the opposite of what one is in the beginning (6).
4. So research is needed in examples of animal behaviour (10).
5. If the plans turned up we should have meat (4).
6. Deserted as a red moon exploded (8).
7. Silk finally makes us uncomfortable (7).
8. 'Raw ——, half-sister to Delay' (Tennyson) (5).
13. Setting for a player on the field (10).
16. Wet trips on board (9).
17. The snake I consider makes a breathing sound (8).
19. Thinkers who put the opposite of evil into words (7).
21. A faithful friend is finished with enmities (7).
22. The actress makes a spot under the counter (6).
23. Sham vehicle about to go up (5).
25. The car to cross the water (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 326

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

BACHELOR offered opportunity of living at moderate cost in comfortable and congenial home with two others. Convenient West End, City and London Airport. EALing 3948 after 7 p.m. or week-end.

STATE Banquet or Children's Party. Negro actor sings spirituals, ballads, folk songs. Box 4204.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Course & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our Correspondence Course can teach you to earn big money this year. Personal coaching by top TV script writers. Prospectus from Dept. 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley Street, London, W1.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also small contribution for board & lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514. 1-4 p.m.

CHINESE exquisite hand embroidered pillow cases. White 20×30in. Four for only 27s. Post 1s. 6d. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd (Dept. 18), 1/3 Stoke Newington Rd, London, N16.

ACCOMMODATION for summer school or conference, 25 July to 1 Aug. 80 single and 10 double rooms with h. & c. and further dormitory accommodation for 30. Apply Bursar, Dartington Hall School, Totnes, S. Devon.

SHOULD incurable sufferers have the right to merciful release? Write Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

ABBATT Toyshop. Worthwhile toys make the best Christmas presents. Write for catalogue. Dept. NS, 94 Wimpole Street, W1.

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DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept, N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

LIKE the exciting Spanish flavour of Flamenco dancing? Here are two other fine Spanish flavours, equally irresistible—El Cid Amontillado and Fino Feria. Both are superb Duff Gordon Sherries.

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Join our Christmas house-party. Bookings being taken for 1959. Vegetarians especially welcome. Please write in first inst. Box 4030.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CHIEF AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH OFFICER

Booker Brothers McConnell & Co. Ltd., wish to appoint a Chief Agricultural Research Officer to work under the direction of Dr Harry Evans, Agricultural Research Director of Bookers Sugar Estates, Ltd., in Georgetown, British Guiana.

The duties of this position are concerned not only with the carrying out of an extensive research programme aiming at a fuller understanding of the husbandry of sugar cane, but also with the practical application of the results of research on the ten estates for which the Company is responsible. These estates produce 240,000 tons of sugar a year.

Candidates should be between the ages of 30 and 40 and the qualifications considered essential for this post are a good Honours degree in a Biological (or Agricultural) subject with some years of experience in successful research work.

The salary will be according to qualifications and experience but will not be less than £2,500 a year. Conditions of service include U.K. leave every other year with family passages and disturbance and furniture removal allowances. The position is permanent and there is a good pension scheme. Please apply in writing giving full details of qualifications and experience to Booker Brothers McConnell & Co. Ltd, Bucklersbury House, 83 Cannon Street, London, EC4.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST

The Senate of the Queen's University of Belfast invites applications for a newly created Chair of Political Science. The appointment will date from 1 October 1959. Salary £2,600 plus FSSU. Applications should be received by 31 December 1958. Further particulars may be obtained from G. R. Cowie, MA, LLB, JP, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of Ceylon. Lecturer in Statistics in the Department of Economics. Applications are invited from persons with postgraduate qualifications for the above post. The salary scales are as follows: Grade II Rs.6,600 - 360 - Rs.8,400 per annum; Grade I Rs. 8,800 - 480 - Rs.13,200 per annum. The appointment may be made at a point on either of the above scales according to qualifications and experience and will be for a period of four years in the first instance but may be extended at the discretion of the University Council. Rent and cost of living allowances will be paid at Ceylon Government rates. The post is not pensionable but the holder will become a contributor to the University Provident Fund contributing 5% of salary and the University adding 10%. Passages will be provided for the Lecturer, his wife and not more than three children. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Ceylon and London, is 20 November, 1958.

ORMOND College, University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Master (i.e. Head of the College). The post carries a salary of £A2,350 and other benefits (including superannuation) assessed at £A1,200 per annum. Full particulars and Paper of Information are obtainable from the Chairman, Ormond College Council, Ormond College, Melbourne, N3, Victoria, Australia, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, WC1. Closing date for applications is 31 December, 1958.

THE Social Work of the Courts. The Probation Service. Training is provided for men and women over 20. Candidates under 30 without University qualification in social studies normally attend University Course as part of training; shorter training, about a year, available for those over 30 with practical experience in social work. Allowances payable during training. Details and application forms from: Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board (3K), Home Office, Princeton House, 271/277 High Holborn, WC1.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Mid-Herts. College of Further Education, Applecroft Rd, Welwyn Garden City. Wanted immediately, Administrative Assistant (male). Salary, Grade APT 1 (£525-£725). Application forms and further details from the Principal (s.a.e.).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions will be held in 1959 for the following: Administrative Class, Home Civil Service and Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II). One House of Commons Clerkship may be filled through this competition (Method I). Code No. 11/59. Foreign Service, Senior Branch (Methods I and II). Code No. 12/59. Special Departmental Classes (HM Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Assistant Postal Controllers, Post Office; Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence) (Methods I and II). Code No. 17-20/59. Statistician Class (Method I only). Code No. 21/59. Executive Class and Foreign Service Branch B (Method I only) for graduates. Code No. 22/59. Methods of Selection. Method I consists of examination at honours degree level plus preliminary and final interview: Method II consists of short examination (English and general papers) followed, for selected candidates, by Civil Service Selection Board tests and interview by Final Selection Board. When two methods are provided, candidates may choose either or both. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in 1959, a university degree; for Administrative Class and Foreign Service (Senior Branch) it must be with 1st or 2nd class honours. Age limits: At least 20½ and under 24 on 1.8.59 with extension for service in Forces or Overseas Civil Service. In addition, for Statistician Class (21/59), extension up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. Write for application forms to Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, quoting appropriate code number(s). Closing dates: Method II, 1 December, 1958; Method I, 28 Feb., 1959.

BBC Monitoring Service at Caversham, near Reading, requires: (a) Report Writers to work under general direction of Chief and Senior Report Writers in preparation of Summary of World Broadcasts. Candidates must have knowledge and understanding of international affairs and ability to prepare for publication, in the Summary, objective and accurate reports covering political, economic and other subjects from a large volume of material transcribed from foreign broadcasts, in particular from USSR, Eastern Europe and Far and Middle East. Specialist knowledge of one of these areas or of Africa an advantage. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. (b) Editorial Assistants. Duties include, in roughly equal proportions, reading proofs of the Summary of World Broadcasts and assisting in its preparation. Qualifications include knowledge of current international affairs, ability to check and correct proofs rapidly and accurately, good eyesight, capacity for sustained effort. Candidates may be required to undergo a written test. Salary £825 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,160 p.a. max. Requests for application forms, stating whether for (a) or (b) enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.855 N.Stm. should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Producer, Natural History Unit in Bristol. The unit provides the Corporation's main output of wild life and naturalist programmes in Sound and Television. Successful candidate will be required to produce Television programmes of the 'Look' type and may also be called upon to undertake a proportion of similar work in Sound. Strong interest in wild-life subjects essential and substantial background knowledge desirable. Applicants should have experience of production work in live Television and/or film. Ability to initiate and develop new programme ideas and techniques would be rated highly. Salary £1,380 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.856, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London W1, within five days.

BBC requires Sub-Editors, External Services News Department. Ability to select, condense and write news quickly and accurately for audiences outside the United Kingdom essential. Candidates should be trained journalists, preferably with experience of subediting for newspapers, news agencies or broadcasting organisations. Special knowledge of one or more countries overseas an advantage. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G 861 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

WORSLEY Community Association. Appointment of Secretary/Warden. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for this appointment at the Little Hulton Community Centre at a salary of £750 × 30 × £900, less a deduction of £50 per annum in respect of residential emoluments. Further details of the appointment may be obtained from the undersigned by whom applications must be received not later than 22 November, 1958. Robert E. Huband, Honorary Secretary, Town Hall, Walkden, Near Manchester.

INTERNATIONAL educational journal requires Secretary with social feeling and an orderly mind. Secretarial qualifications essential: editorial opportunities open. Salary £500. Box 4171.

BBC requires Clerk (Audience Research), Eastern Service. Duties include translation and summarising of Persian letters and reporting on reaction to BBC Persian transmissions as revealed in correspondence, newspapers, etc., and general assistance in the work of the Unit. Essential qualifications are a thorough knowledge of Persian and English, and ability to draft reports in English. Ability to type in Persian essential, and in English desirable. Starting salary £10 13s. plus 10s. p.w. language allowance. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, marking applications SC.844, N.Stm. within fourteen days.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Royal Victoria Infirmary and King's College Medical School. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. The Council of King's College invite applications from men and women for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the above Department. Candidates should preferably be graduates and must hold a Mental Health Certificate, or other Certificate or Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Interest in research is desirable and the successful candidate will be expected to share in the clinical work, the supervision of trainees and some lecturing with the other two Psychiatric Social Workers on the Staff. Salary on University Scale £600 × £25 - £1,000 (commencing salary according to experience) with FSSU benefits, family allowance and travelling expenses. Applications, stating qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be submitted not later than 1 December, 1958 to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

INDEPENDENT Television News intends to appoint a further newscaster. This key post in TV journalism requires ability not only to present news in the studio, but to assist in shaping and editing the bulletins and to do interviewing and reporting. Applicants should be between 25 and 40, with a responsible but lively understanding of news and current affairs, and an ability to work under pressure. Apply in writing to Sec., ITN, Television House, Kingsway, WC2.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of editor/translator at the Regional Office for Europe of the World Health Organization, Copenhagen. Candidates should have a university degree, English mother tongue and a sound knowledge of Russian and French. The essential qualifications are ability to translate from these two languages into English and to edit documents and reports in English. Commencing annual salary US $4,800 and certain allowances. For application forms and further details, please write to the WHO Regional Office for Europe, 8 Scherfigsvej, Copenhagen ø, Denmark. Closing date: 15 December 1958.

A Resident Science teacher who, for considerably less than Burnham, could enjoy living and working on a friendly non-authoritarian footing with about forty boys and girls aged 5 to 17 is needed in January or as soon as possible by parent-owned New Sherwood School, Epsom, Surrey. Write to John Wood.

ST JOHN'S & Manor House Hospital Management Committee, St John's Hospital, Stone, Nr Aylesbury, Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker to work with the Psychiatric Social Worker at St John's Hospital, a mental hospital with 800 beds, and an extensive outpatient service. The Hospital is within easy reach of London. Candidates must hold a Social Science Diploma or degree in Social Science. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council scale. Applications, with two names for reference, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, London, NW8. Psychiatric Social Worker for Adult and Children's Dept - staff of 2. Interesting duties in modern day hospital methods of treatment under the NHS. Candidates (male or female) should possess the Mental Health Certificate. Whitley Council salary scale. Detailed applications, with names of 2 refs, to Medical Director immediately.

LONDON County Council. Occupational Therapist (whole-time) required to give diversional therapy to home-bound tuberculous patients in E. London. Whitley Council senior occupational therapist salary and conditions. Applicn forms (rtnble by 29 Nov.) and partics. from Divisional Medical Officer, 273 Bancroft Road, Mile End, E1. (2072)

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Child Care Worker at a Home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, within easy reach of Central London. Experience in residential care of children desirable. A training course covering this unique field of child care is in operation. 44-hour week. Applications to Secretary (NS), Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further details may be obtained.

NORMAN House requires young, single, prospective or experienced social worker (male) as Residential Assistant to Warden to work with discharged prisoners in North London; consideration given to applicants seeking short-term appointment. Salary according to qualifications. Box 4193.

HOUSEFATHER required spastic residential centre (16-25). Good living conditions, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ORGANISERS required for (1) South Notts., Derby and Lincoln, and Leicester and Northampton Area (centre Nottingham) and (2) North Yorkshire Area (centre Leeds). Must be able to lecture on several NCLC subjects. Salary £600 rising to £700 per annum, commencing rate dependent on qualifications and experience. Removal allowance; four weeks annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

WELFARE Organiser. The Willesden Old People's Welfare Committee invite applications for the appointment of a full-time Organiser, salary £755 to £875 per annum, plus car allowance. The Organiser will work under the Committee's Honorary Medical Adviser, who is also the Medical Officer of Health for Willesden. The duties include organising and developing meals service; chiropody; clubs; holidays; entertainments; visiting, etc. and any other activity to serve elderly persons. Further details and application forms obtainable from the undersigned at the Town Hall, Dyne Road, NW6, should be returned not later than 22 November, 1958. R. S. Forster, Hon. Secretary.

RESIDENT Assistant Wardens required for (a) boys' welfare hostel, London, (b) Mental After Care Hostel, Cambridge. Excellent experience for young men considering a career in social work. Starting salary £5 p.w. all found. Write Sec., 24 Ashburn Place, SW.7.

CARDIFF firm, whose principal is entering Parliament, requires Solicitor to take full charge of litigation department where considerable amount of Trade Union work is handled. Must have ample experience, hard working and ambitious, preferably in the thirties. Commencing salary, £1,250 to £1,750, according to experience and ability. Excellent prospects. Assistance with housing if necessary. Box 3847.

TRANSLATORS, free-lance, techn. & non-techn., from & into French, German, Italian, Spanish. Box 4277.

APPLICATIONS invited by the Merton/Morden Guild of Social Service for a General Secretary. Experienced in Citizen's Advice Bureau and case-work. Salary £500-£600 according to experience. Send full details with the names of three referees to the Chairman, 96 London Road, Morden, Surrey.

ASSISTANT required in Research Department. Experience of research/information work preferable. Able to handle figures. Typing essential. Salary at age 23 or over £10 per week rising in two years to £11. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. No Saturdays. Three weeks' annual holiday. Non-contributory pension scheme. Canteen facilities. Apply, before Saturday, 15 November, to General Secretary, IPCS, 2a Broadway, SW1.

SECRETARY S/T., 23/35, pref. with advertising or press experience & able to write copy. £12/£13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for professional society; work varied and interesting and includes personal secretarial duties. Apply Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, W1.

PART-time Secretary for professional society (London) concerned largely education. Interesting post for retired person preferring working from home. Box 3984.

ANTIQUE Shop. Lady owner requires assistant. Some knowledge plus business ability & culture. Nr Baker St. Box 4186.

WANTED Resident Assistant Cook. Numbers average 70. Good condtns. Country estate 2 miles Totnes. Apply: Bursar, Dartington Hall Arts Centre, Totnes, S. Devon.

CAREERS Problems. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. WEL. 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCH-speaking lady, with wide experience in interntional organisation of editing, translating, proof-reading, seeks post in London. Box 4076.

YNG man, History degree, teaching exp., wants post until Xmas/Jan. Box 4158.

EXPERIENCED secretary seeks post with Labour MP, preferably part-time. Active Party member. Box 4243.

YOUNG man, 24, intelligent, individualist, adaptable, commissioned national service, management training in marketing and advertising, seeks progressive post in small company, either at home or abroad. Box 4234.

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland, Boys and Girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John H. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. B. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

LECTURES, etc.—cont. from p. 654

MR Jack Lindsay will give a talk 'William Morris, writer', Caxton Hall, SW1, 6.30, Fri. 14 November. Adm. free. Arranged by the William Morris Society.

'THE Princes' in the Tower. New light on old bones. Free illustrated talk by expert Anatomist. Church House, Gt Smith St, Westminster, Wed., 12 Nov., 8 p.m. Details from: Hon. Secy., Fellowship of the White Boar, Miss I. Wigram, 39 Lennox Gdns, London, SW1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RITUAL Dance Drama will be rehearsed and produced at a Course taken by Lisa Ullmann and Geraldine Stephenson on Saturdays, 15 November, 6 December, 1958; 24 January and 21 February, 1959, at YWCA, Great Russell Street, WC1. Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464.

THERE is a closer connexion than is generally realised between a musician's technical problems and his posture. To establish this, however, expert handling is needed in order to give the actual experience of good movement. Niso Ticciati, MA, BMus. (Oxon), LRAM, consultant in instrumental technique, and Jean Gibson, of the Re-education Centre, London, are now arranging, in association, a short course of classes to meet this need. For further information please telephone either of the above at PAR. 5742 or PAR. 8846.

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, est. in 1887, prepares students by post for General Certificate of Education (all Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc (Econ), LLB). Teachers' Diplomas, Law, Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

DON'T waste the winter evenings. 66 Postal Courses free to most Trade Unionists – others pay a modest fee. Send stamped addressed envelope to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, NCLC, Tillicoultry.

RUSSIAN lady, Cambridge degree, teaches Russian, French, English; interpreter, BTA guide. 'Phone mornings KEN. 0376.

GERMAN for your holiday, also Technical German by expert. Mrs Grafe MAC. 5114.

FRENCH taught by BA Hons. Inexpensive private lessons. Box 4222.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14 PARk 8392.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker MA, LLD, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

BRITISH Institute of Archaeology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1959 (15 March-15 December). Value Fellowship £400, Scholarship £350, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Applications with testimonials from universities of applicants (fourteen copies of each) to be sent by 21 January, 1959, to the Secretary, British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Scholarship and entrance tests will be held on 31 March and 1 April 1959. Six awards ranging from £50 to £200 per annum available for both 11- and 13-year-old entry. (The former suitable for boys from State Primary Schools.) Applications before 28 February. Further details from Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships, one of £100 p.a. and one of £60 p.a., will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1959, for girls between the ages of 12 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

FELLOWSHIPS, SCHOLARSHIPS—cont.

LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS

Fellowships & Grants, 1959

Application is invited for Fellowships and Grants in aid of research. These awards are intended for senior workers of established position and are limited to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom; in exceptional circumstances the Trustees may waive the condition as to residence.

No subject of inquiry is excluded from consideration but preference is given to subjects in which existing provision for research is inadequate.

The duration of the awards does not extend over more than two years or less than three months and the amount depends on the nature of the research and the circumstances of the applicant.

Application must be made on Form 'F' obtainable together with further details from the Secretary, Leverhulme Research Awards, St. Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4.

The closing date is 31 December, 1958. Results will be announced in May and the awards will normally date from 1 September, 1959.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Faculty of Commerce and Social Science

Applications are invited for a RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP (£700-£800), tenable in any Department of the Faculty (Accounting, Commerce, Commercial Law, Statistics, Economic History, Economics, Russian Economic and Social Studies, Political Science, Sociology, Social Study). The appointment will be for one year in the first instance, with the possibility of renewal.

Applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent on or before 15 November 1958, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

AUSTRALIA – University of Sydney. Henry Bertie and Florence Mabel Gritton Post-Graduate Research Scholarship. Applications are invited from graduates of any University within the British Commonwealth of Nations, or from graduates of any University who are British subjects, for the above scholarship, tenable in the University of Sydney. The Scholarship will be awarded in the first instance for one year, and may be renewed for a second year. The Scholar will be expected to undertake post-graduate research in Chemistry as related to Industry and Agriculture. He may work in any one of several Departments, such as Agriculture, Animal Husbandry, Biochemistry, Botany, Chemical Engineering, Chemistry, Electrical Engineering, Organic Chemistry, Pharmacology, Physical Chemistry and Veterinary Physiology. The Scholarship will be awarded in either a senior or junior grade. Scholarships in the senior grade are of an annual value of £A1,150 p.a., and in the junior grade of £A850 p.a., in each case payable half-yearly in advance. A Scholar may be paid travelling expenses up to £A150 when coming to take up the Scholarship, provided it is held for one year; and travelling expenses up to £A150 when returning to his home provided the Scholarship has been held for at least two years. Applications, which should include a certified copy of the applicant's academic record, together with the names of two referees, who may be consulted concerning his work and ability, should be sent to the Registrar, The University of Sydney, Sydney, NSW, Australia, by 31 December, 1958. Further information and applic. forms may be obtained from: Margaret A. Telfer, Registrar.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (3 doors from Old St. Tube Stn).

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

VIVIENNE Ezekiel (late Mildred Furst) for typewriting and duplicating. Theses, scripts, plays, novels. 31 Elm Park Road, London, N3. FINchley 7675.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 1640.

SUSAN Tully Secretarial Service. Complete range high quality typewriting, duplicating, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN 9893.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

COMPETENT ex-secretary now hard-up housewife reqs typing by post. Refs supplied. Colegrave, Brant Cottage, Ownington Mills, Dorset.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 239-241 Shaftesbury Ave (Oxford St end), WC2. COV. 1817.

STENORETTE Tapes transcribed, duplicating and typing. Chelsea Copying Office, 43 King's Rd, London, SW3. SLO. 6195/6.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS., Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644 Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

PLAYS, scripts, etc., quickly & carefully typed. Mrs Sullivan, SJS. 2906.

SCOTS typist wishes work at home; reasonable, speedy, accurate. Box 4134.

TRANSLNS from/into French or fr. German. Garcin, 5 Sudley Rd, Bognor Regis.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SOVIET Economic Changes' by Maurice Dobb; 'Tragedy in Cyprus' by a leading Cypriot Trade Unionist; 'Light on Munich', D. N. Pritt QC, reviews A. F. Rothstein's astonishing book. In the November Labour Monthly, 1s. 8d. post free or 9s. half-yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

PASTERNAK. Poems tr. by L. Slater. Preface by Hugh MacDiarmid. Continental-style production. 5s., post 8d. Peter Russell, Fairwarp, Sussex.

CONTENTS of November Plebs: 'Unemployment—what must be done', by George F. Thomasin; 'Robert Owen—a great pioneer', by Andrew Boyd; 'Consulting the Transport User', by Paul W. Robinson; 'A Vital Page of Labour History', by Graham Horsman; 'Nationalisation in Norway', by J. P. M. Millar; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Plums from the Press', 'NCLC News'. Plebs is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s 6d a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

LOVE (21s.), Henry Brulard (25s.), Stendhal. Merlin Press, 112 Whitfield St, W1.

POPULAR Theatre is defined & discussed by Michel St-Denis, Arnold Wesker, Tom Milne in the Nov.-Dec. issue of Encore now on sale at good bookshops in UK & USA or direct, 10s. six issues: 25 Howland St, W1.

WOMEN: A popular edition of Eustace Chesser's report on the Sexual, Marital and Family Relationships of the English Woman. Jarrolds. 10s. 6d. From all good booksellers.

THE hostess with the mostest is too wise to be chained to the kitchen while her guests guzzle all the drinks. She has a copy of Harold Wilshaw's wittily illustrated cookery book, 'Ready When You Are', Barrie 5s., which makes the oven her slave instead of her master.

'THE Review': historical analysis of today's politics by public and grammar school-boys. Highly interesting. Price 1s. 3d. or 3s. 9d. annually from Selsar, Bedales School, Petersfield.

RUSSIAN Lending Library—10,000 volumes, current periodicals: general literature, fiction, science, language. Postal borrowing for country members. Apply details to Sec., SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

MARKETS sought for old books, 100 years & upwards. US inquiries invited. Craig, 93 Rowley Avenue, Sidcup, Kent.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

GERMAN books bought & sold; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books). Phone AMBassador 1564.

UN Grand Choix de cartes de Noël (texte en français ou en anglais) se trouve chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

WANTED: Horizons; Scrutiny's; Criterions; Transitions & sim. Literary Jrnls. Books also purchased. Fisher and Sperr, 46 Highgate High St, London, N6. MOU. 7244.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS bought and sold, English, German and French. M. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, NW6. PRI. 2585.

A HOUSE is not a home without books – from Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High Street, NW3. (HAM. 2218.)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

BED-sitting rm in private house, W8. Gas fire and ring, h. & c. basin, linen, use of adjoining bathroom. 4 gns. WES. 3780.

LARGE single divan-room in quiet flat. Light cooking facilities. £3. MAI. 2555 after 6.45 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, wit: board, reasonable.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

RETIRED Civ. servant, Oxford grad., offers lodger furn. accom. from 3 gns. Comf. house, garden, gd transp., NW11. Box 4077.

COMF. furn. flatlet, lge b/sit., bathrm, kit./dinette. Own meters gas, elec. Borders Dulwich Forest Hill. 20 mins Charing X or City. Suit one prof. pers., poss. 2 students. 3½ gns. p.w. FOOtscray 2561 after 7 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Luxurious top floor, newly dec., cent. htd b/sit. £3 10s. Box 4208.

A room vacant in house shared by young people for person in 20's. WIL. 3702.

OFF Finchley Rd. Comf. sngle B/S room. Brkfst optional. H. & c.w., tel., service daily, use b. & k., linen. Prof. gent. only. Buses outside. HAM. 2914 or HAM. 0720.

WRITER (MA Hons Eng., fluent French), gifted teacher, offers restful room, use piano in study &, if desired, tuition/supervision (literary, langs, drama, etc.) exch. part-time home &/or sec. help or fees. Box 4223.

COMF. sgle bed-sitting room in modern flat. All facils. Suit lady. MAI. 4912.

LGE pleas. divan sit.-rm, 8 mins E. Finchley Tube. Ckg facs. Mod. gas-fire. Baths, linen, etc. 50s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

LARGE furnished divan-room & kitchen, two ladies £2 each p.w. or one lady £3 3s. MAI. 0527.

ST JOHN'S Wood, bed-sit. 30s. p.w. and some sitting-in. MAI. 9929.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, music/literary interests. 2 sgle rooms, ckg facs, 50s, 60s. HAM. 8109 wknds or after 4 weekdays.

SE unf. s/c 1-room flat mod. block e.h., c.h.w. Bus lady. Rent inc. approx. £9 mth. Built-in f. & f. lease £35. Box 4108.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Centrally heated, attractively furnished flat, 2 divan sitting rms., fitted carpets, tel., kit.-dining rm, own bathroom, c.h.w. Box 4254.

HIGHGATE, nr. Flatlet, fine lge B/s., kit., bathrm, beautifully dec., equip., furn. Use 'frig. £4. MOU. 5196 after 6.

CEN.-heated bed/sit. yng private house. 30s. & occ. baby-sitting. STR. 5705.

WIMBLEDON Common. B/sit. 42s. Per-sitt, 8 Lancaster Rd, SW19. WIM. 3279.

BAYSWATER: newly dec. room, basin, c.h.w., elec. fire, share large kitchen. £3 incl. heat. Box 4275.

FURN. flat, Finchley. 3 rms, kitchen, garden. £4 15s. PRI. 6365.

FURN. (3 rms) flat to let. Centr.-heated. Wembley Park. 'Phone WEMbley 4855.

YOUNG lady offers share flat with another (under 35). Own bedrm. Beaut. house, SW17. £2 2s. p.w. Box 4221.

HAMPSTEAD. Cheerful sngl./dble rms. ckg facs. Perm/temp. HAM. 4585/SWI. 2684.

NEWLY decorated furnished bed-sitting room, 2 mins. Golders Green Station. Gas fire-ring (meter). References. Ring, not Saturday. SPE. 9488.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

SWEDISH Doctor, wife & 2-month-old baby req. s/c furn. flat for about 9 months, accessible to St Thomas's Hospital. 2 rms, k. & b., mod. rent. Dr Loving, KEN. 9801.

UNIVERSITY lecturer (m) reqs quiet, self-contained room(s); easy access central London; mod. rent; permanent. Box 4214.

AUSSIE gent. wants lge furn. b/s, kitchenette, use conv's. Max. 50s. (2 years). Elephant-Brixton area. Dallas, FLE. 4175.

1 LGE or 2 small semi- or unf. rms, use bath, urg. reqd Hampstead, Highgate, Bloomsbury, Islington pref. Box 4202.

QUIET sunny rm wtd nr City/W. End, poss. Bak. St area. Bachlr, 35. Box 4203.

COUPLE needing s/c flat, furn./unf. sks good socialist landlord (?). Box 4127.

YOUNG male lecturer wants quiet independent flatlet. Accessible SW1. FRE. 2138.

LARGE room wanted, part-furn; easy access Central London. Business man, 34, music lover. Long let if suitable. Box 4245.

S/C. furnished flat SW/NW London wanted by careful woman tenant 2-3 weeks around Christmas. Box 4133.

TWO girls wish share flat with others, pref. central/SW. Box 4259.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND TO LET

SE London. Freehold house comprising four flats, each with k. & b., own meters. One flat let furnished, monthly tenancy, £13 13s. p.m. Large brick garage. On bus route, conv. SR stations. £5,000. 'Phone: WOO. 0232.

S. DEVON coast. 4/5 bedrm det. house. Sea-view, garage, garden. £3,250 o.n.o. for quick sale. Or let mid-Nov. Box 4218.

COMF. cottage, secluded in woods, daily reach Sevenoaks, London, free Nov.-March. Mains water, all else oil. £3 weekly or part-time farm work. Box 4005.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

10 Nov. at 7.0 Last perf. of Boris Godunov (in Russian)

12 & 14 Nov. at 7.30 The Bartered Bride

15 Nov. at 7.30 Samson

THE ROYAL BALLET

11 Nov. at 7.30 Ondine

13 Nov. at 7.30 &
15 Nov. at 2.0 Noctambules, Rinaldo & Armida, Mam'zelle Angot

COV. 1066.

THE THEATRE ROYAL
HANLEY

Touring Opera 1958 presents

GRAND OPERA

10-15 November

Mon.	The Bartered Bride
Tues.	The Barber of Seville
Wed.	Carmen
Thurs.	Cav. & Pag.
Fri.	Don Giovanni
Sat. (mat.)	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (evg.)	Madame Butterfly

Evenings at 7.30. Sat. Mat. 2.30.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672

OPERA SEASON

11, 18 & 20 Nov. Falstaff

12 & 22 Nov. The Flying Dutchman

13, 15, 19 & 21 Nov. The Merry Widow

14 Nov. Samson & Delilah

Evenings at 7.30.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu./Fri. 8, Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden of Loneliness'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue. 3-yr fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Mon. to Fri. 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wd. 2.30. Samuel Beckett's 'End-Game' & 'Krapp's Last Tape'. 'A Shattering Theatrical Experience' – Milton Shulman.

TEMPO Theatre Club, 18 Chepstow Villas, W11. Machiavelli's 'Mandragola', adaptation by Chas. Marowitz. Opens Thursday 13 Nov. 8 p.m. Perfs Thurs, Fri., Sat., Sun.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evs. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30, 7, 8 Nov. (Mems. 9), 13, 14, 15. 'Pillars of Society'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Call Me Not Naomi', Ruth Messinger. Fri.-Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, 9 Nov., Royal Festival Hall, 7.30. Overture, Oberon – Weber; Piano Concerto No. 1 – Liszt; Metamorphosis – Strauss; Symphony No. 6 – Tchaikovsky. London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Jasha Horenstein, soloist Daniel Wayenberg. 5s.-21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts Wednesday evenings at 7.45 p.m.; 12 November: The History of the Military Band by students of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. Conductor: Mr R. Bashford, ARCM, PSM, School Bandmaster and Assistant to the Chief Instructor. 19 November: Rumanian, Bulgarian and British Folk Songs by Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano) accompanied by Paul Hamburger. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light Refreshments avail. 7-7.40 p.m.

ICA Music Section. At 7.30 p.m., Mon., 10 Nov., at the ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1. A Gramophone Recital of Schoenberg's 'Moses & Aron', with a short introductory talk by Iain Hamilton. Tickets at the door: Public, 3s.; ICA Members, 1s. 6d.

PROKOFIEV Recital by Soviet artists on tape recording, Sun. 9 Nov., 7 p.m. at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 2s.

ESTONIAN Music: illustrated talk by Mrs V. Soermus, Fri. 14 Nov., 7.30 p.m. at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 2s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. The Gorki Trilogy. Until 9 Nov.: 'The Childhood of Maxim Gorki' (A). From 10 Nov.: 'My Apprenticeship' (U).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Week c. 9 Nov. 7 days, Alec Guinness, The Captain's Paradise (A). Pandora & the Flying Dutchman. (A).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

LAST opportunity to see full-length Colour Film, 'Highland Birds', commentary: James Fisher, Royal Festival Hall, Sat., 15 Nov., 3 p.m. All seats bkble, 10s. to 2s. 6d

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today Saturday 8 November 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their Guests 5s.

RIALTO Socials for Over-30's. Lic. bar, dancing, 7-10, Sun. 9 Nov. 5s. inc. ref. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way, WC1.

MEET your friends from overseas at the London Youth Festival Committee's Friendship evening of songs, dancing and good food at Fountain Ballroom, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, on Weds. 19 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Admission by ticket only 3s. 6d. from 351 Goswell Road, EC1.

EXHIBITIONS

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Some important Italian and Spanish Paintings, 1450-1650. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

DISCURIO. London's fascinating new music, record and hi-fi shop in Shepherd Market, invites you to its exhibition of Dance and Opera Silhouettes by Lotte Reiniger, 9 Shepherd Street, W1. HYDe Park 6939.

BARNETT Freedman and John Minton. Two exhibitions of paintings, drawings and graphic art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 November. Mon., Wed., Sat., 10-6; Tues., 10-8. Admission 1s. (admits to both exhibitions).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Water colour drawings & paintings Patrick Hall; Recent paintings Petley-Jones. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Heiliger: Sculpture – First Exhibition in England

SCHOOL Prints, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street, SW1. 2,000 colour prints and lithographs always in stock. Picture hire schemes. Sculpture replicas and photographs. Special framing undertaken by Motcomb Frames, Ltd, 13 Motcomb Street. SW1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Merlyn Evans – New Paintings, Staite Murray – Pottery, Vlaminck – Early Wood-cuts, Lithos. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One (GER. 3529). Christoforou New paintings. Oct.-Nov.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jackson Pollock Retrospective 1912-1956. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

FINSBURY Art Group Autumn Exhibition of members' work. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Ave, EC1. 10 Nov.-22 Nov. (closed Sundays).

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. André Masson Retrospective Exhibition. Until 19 Nov. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. 19-22 Nov. Five Pakistani Painters. S. Arrobus. Denis Lowson. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Paolozzi Sculpture. Opens Tuesday 11 November. Until 31 December. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MAREVNA. Exhibition of Paintings (including portraits of Picasso, Rivera, Modigliani, Chagall, Ilya Ehrenburg, Maxim Gorky). Portrait of Marevna by Picasso. Open daily 2 p.m.-6 p.m., Suns 3 p.m.-6 p.m., Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Three Collagists: E. L. T. Mesens, John McHale, Gwyther Irwin. 5-29 Nov. Admission 1s. Members free. Weekdays 10-6. Sats 10-1. Library: Drawings by Lin Show Yu. 5-29 Nov.

THE Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. ULR 12 Painters. Ayrton, Bury, de Francia, Greaves, Herman, Korn, Middleditch, Miskin, Richards, Roberts, Turner, Zulawski. Exhibition open 10 a.m. to midnight every day.

GOUACHES by Ann Lewis at Everyman Cinema Gallery, Hampstead. Daily 2-10 p.m. until 30 November.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Keith Simon, Alexandre Ycal, Baranowska. Until 22 November. Daily 10-6 except Sunday.

ST George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1, Michael Ayrton's Greek Suite: 6 colour lithographs together with drawings and bronzes of Greece and the Greeks. 10-6 weekdays, 10-1 Saturdays. 4 November-1 December.

ANNOUNCING the opening of the new Gallery at the USIS Cultural Affairs Building, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Square, W1. '17 American Artists' exhibit from the American Pavilion, Brussels International Exhibition 1958. Open 1-22 Nov.: daily 9-6, Sat. 12.30-4.30. (Closed 11 Nov.)

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & Monotypes Derrick Greaves.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

NIGEL CALDER: 'CONVICTION: SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY AND THE POWER ELITE', The Marquee (next to Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 10 Nov., 7.30. 2s. Mems 1s.

URL Club – members meeting Sun., 23 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

ULR LUNCH FORUM
Opening meeting
PAUL JOHNSON on THE POLITICS OF THE PAPACY
Tues., 11 November, 1-2.15 p.m.
A lunch meeting in the basement of THE PARTISAN, 7 CARLISLE ST, W1.

ULR 12 PAINTERS
Ayrton, Bury, de Francia, Greaves, Herman, Korn, Middleditch, Miskin, Richards, Roberts, Turner, Zulawski
Exhibition open 10 a.m. to midnight every day at
THE PARTISAN, 7 CARLISLE ST, W1.

CHESS
Leonard Barden (joint British champion 1958) will give a simultaneous display to those bringing boards on
SUN., 16 NOV., 2.30 p.m. THE PARTISAN, 7 CARLISLE ST, W1.

THE PARTISAN
A coffee house for the Left, 7 Carlisle Street, Soho Sq., W1. Open 10 a.m. to midnight every day including Sunday.
THE PARTISAN, 7 CARLISLE ST, W1.

LONDON Schools Left Club, 14 Nov. 5.45, Philip Oakes, 'Who wants real, who wants true?', 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d., members free (School students only).

SYDNEY Silverman, MP, 'Foreign Policy', Thurs., 13 Nov.; Reginald Sorensen, MP, 'Yemen and the Middle East', Thurs., 27 Nov. Both meetings start 8 p.m. – Labour Party Premises, 37a Broadhurst Gdns, NW6.

SOCIETY for Psychical Research Presidential Address, Professor C. D. Broad, Litt.D., FBA, on 'Dreaming and Some of Its Implications', Manson House, 26 Portland Place W1, Thurs. 13 Nov., 6.30. Adm. free.

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled 'The City of London and the Opposition to Government, 1754-1774', will be delivered by Dr Lucy Sutherland at the University of London, Senate House, WC1, on Monday, 17 November at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

WIENER Matinee & Abend. Fritz Schrecker. 'Ein Spaziergang durch Altwiener Gassen'. Am Klavier: Ferdinand Rauter. Programm: Altenberg, Nestroy, Raimund, Polgar, Kisch, und Altwiener Lieder. Arts Council, 4 St James' Sq., SW1. Sonntag, 23 Nov. 3.30 & 7.30. Karten 6s. von Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St, W8. (WES. 9003.)

'DEVELOPMENTS in Soviet Chemistry and Chemical Industry': talk by Dr V. M. Tarayan, Erevan University, Thurs., 13 Nov., 7.30 p.m., at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s.

SUFI Society: Mysticism & Music by Aziz Balouch. Wednesday, 12 November, 7.30. Conway Hall (Holborn Tube Station), WC1. Inf. 41 Pembridge Road, W11. PARk 9356 (afternoons). All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art, Biography and Picasso. A discussion prompted by Roland Penrose's 'Picasso' (Gollancz). Speakers will include Sir Herbert Read, Robert Melville, Eric Newton. Tuesday 11 November, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., Guests 3s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Bruce Turner. Live Concert. Wednesday 12 November, 8 p.m. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

ICA, 17, Dover St, W1. Art. Paul Klee by Professor Will Grohman. Chairman: Sir Herbert Read. Friday 14 November, 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., Guests 3s.

THEATRE – Dead or Alive? Meeting at Royal Court Theatre, 9 Nov., 2.30 p.m. – Speakers: Benn Levy, John Allen, Brian Way, E. J. Burton, Frances Mackenzie, Dr Glynne Wickham, John Whiting, Doris Lessing, Michael Flanders. Admission 5s. at door. Joint Council for Education Through Art; English Stage Society.

WORLD Jewish Congress – British Section, Jewish Forum 1958-9, Tuesday, 11 November, 1958, at 8 p.m. Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, W1. 'Communism, Jews and Israel'. Speakers: Mr Isaac Deutscher, Dr S. Levenberg, Prof. Hyman Levy, Mr Sidney Silverman, MP. In the Chair: Mr J. Halevy, MSc (chairman, World Jewish Congress, British Section). Questions and discussion.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'The Scarborough Conference', T. E. M. McKitterick, Wed. 12 Nov., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

'SOVIET Education' – discussion on new trends: speaker, Miss D. Levin, on Wed., 12 November, 6 p.m. (teas from 5.30 p.m.), at College of Preceptors, 2-3 Bloomsbury Sq., WC1. Tickets from College of Preceptors or SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Soc. 7.15, 9 Nov. John P. Fletcher: 'Africa, New Star of History'. 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 9 November, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: 'A Humanist Political Philosophy'.

BUDDHIST Society, 34th Birthday Meeting, Wed. 12 November, 6.30 sharp, Caxton Hall, SW1. Speakers: Christmas Humphreys (President), Ven. Pannavaddho Bhikkhu (English Sangha). Also Theravada Study Class, Tues 11 Nov., 6.30 at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Note the dates of next year's Summer School at Hoddesdon: 28 Aug.–4 Sep. 1959. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly, post free. Information TAT. 1313.

'THE Great Experiment in American Literature', Fifth of 7 lectures on Tuesday evenings, 6.30 p.m., presented by The Cultural Affairs Office, American Embassy, 41 Grosvenor Sq., Arthur Mizener (Cornell Univ.) speaks on 'The Noble Savagery of Ernest Hemingway', Nov. 11

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, 15 November at 6 p.m. M. Claude Simon: 'Un voyage à travers l'Europe romantique avec Hans Anderson'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Thurs. 13 Nov., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Fundamentals of Vedanta: (iii) This Universe. Sun. 16 Nov., 5 p.m., Bhagavad-Gita discourse & Sanskrit Class will continue at Centre. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 7 Nov., 8 p.m., Baron A. Meyendorff: 'Experience of Error'. Special Evening, Thurs., 13 Nov., 8 p.m.: Maurice Edelman, MP, 'On Writing a Novel about Russia'. Chairman: Sir David Kelly. Fri., 14 Nov., 8 p.m., F. Gregory (Head of Delegation of British Teachers to Moscow, 1958): 'A Month's Study in Russia' (slides).

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public lecture. Sun., 9 Nov., 8 p.m. 'Social Responsibility and the Soul'.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 14 Nov. 8.30 p.m. 'The Poetry of Kalidasa'. Victor Rienaecker. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Adm. free.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 9 Nov. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. 'Memory Hold the Door'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

'LOOK Through My Living Eye.' Pictures, verse, music. Dramatic sequence by Antony Bates. 3.30 Sat. 8 Nov. Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St, Opposite Selfridges. Pacifist Universalist Service Group.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

CONWAY Discussions, S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 11 Nov. Mrs K. Tacchi-Morris, 'Women, The World and War'.

BRITISH-Yugoslav Society Meeting, 14 November, Doctor speaks on 'Croatian Social Medicine'; coloured slides Macedonia. Details: Hon Sec., BEC. 7021.

LECTURES, etc.—cont. on page 658

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Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1926. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 3½d, Canada 1d.